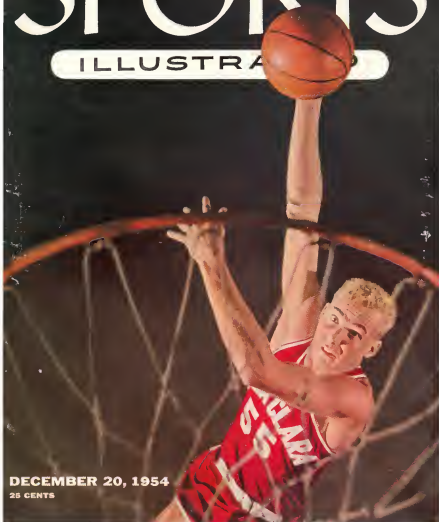


# SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION



DECEMBER 20, 1954

25 CENTS



From the Gertrude L. Woodward Bequest,  
Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University

# To go fishing

is the chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush  
of the brook, or with the shimmer of the sun on blue water.

It brings meekness and inspiration from the decency of nature,  
charity toward tackle-makers, patience toward fish, a mockery of profits  
and egos, a quieting of hate, a rejoicing that you do not have to  
decide a darned thing until next week. And it is discipline  
in the equality of men—for all men are equal before fish."

HERBERT HOOVER

A reprint of this painting and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Write SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. C, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

**T**RADITIONALLY the editors of magazines seek something special at Christmastime, lighting their pages more brilliantly than ever with the sparkling warmth of the occasion.

As *SI*'s first Christmas approaches, we feel in one sense a continuation of what happens every week: the festival and holiday quality that surrounds the world of sport in all the seasons of the year. But next week, something special.

The cover is a winter scene of the Swiss village of Davos, whose buildings stand like spun sugar before a wood of snow-decked evergreens. Inside the magazine, the skiers, looking in their colored costumes like Christmas tree ornaments, skim the Alpine slopes and dot the landscape, where on Christmas Eve the jangling of harness bells and the sound of music boxes ring through the crisp air to the ears of anyone who listens. And in a different vein, on other pages, Hans Liska has painted his impressions of a Bavarian boar hunt, evoking the thought of the heavy-laden feast tables to come.

But for all the groaning boards, tinsel and toys and festive gatherings, Christmas remains essentially a tradition of good will and celebration grounded in religious significance. And this most important aspect of it our editors have presented in two full-page, full-color illustrations of the window in The Sports Bay of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, which, dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters, shows not only sport and combat in Biblical scenes but figures of modern sports as well.

In speaking of The Sports Bay, an official of the Episcopal diocese of New York recently told one of our editors: "Our feeling is this: religion is always related to life, of the past and future, and of the present. And many of the stained glass windows of the cathedral bays follow the theme of relating activities of modern life with activities of the Biblical past. We have The Medical Bay—The Arts Bay—The Education Bay—and we have The Sports Bay, representing an activity which is a large and good part of life today and follows a strong line into Biblical history itself."

*Harry Phillips*



**JIMMY JEMAIL'S**

**HOTBOX**



**JIMMY JEMAIL**

**The Question:**

**What should the major leagues do to help save the minors?**

**HANK GREENBERG, General Manager**  
**Cleveland Indians**



"I'm in favor of some agreement where TV won't invade minor league territory. The Department of Justice should okay some such plan before it is implemented. I don't think their plight is as serious as they pretend. Our attendance is down, too, from two million in 1948 to 1,400,000 now."

**SPIKE BRIGGS, President**

**Detroit Tigers**



"We should drastically limit the number of night games. In the past, I have moved for 14 night games. But my motion was voted down. It was voted down again this year. Forty night games by any one team would kill the minor league in its virility. Fans would drive to the games or watch on TV."

**ROBERT R. M. CARPENTER JR., President**  
**Philadelphia Phillies**



"Legislation we've just enacted will be of material help. This concerns working agreements with their clubs which provide substantial financial benefits. However, I think that an annual TV show, with the minors participating, is needed to solve their problems. This requires careful study."

**WALTER F. O'MALLEY, President**  
**Brooklyn Dodgers**



"The minors will first have to go back to the old days of hustle and promotion instead of sitting down and complaining about television. The majors can encourage the minors by helping with travel and training expenses. We should also give them more liberal working agreements."

**H. GABRIEL MURPHY, Treasurer**  
**Washington Senators**



"We've got to help in some way. I see no possibility of a direct subsidy. The major leagues would go broke if they tried that. Some clubs in the majors are not exactly rich. We in Washington don't ask for financial help. We just hustle, as the minors should do."

**CHARLES A. COMISKEY II, Vice President**  
**Chicago White Sox**



"When are the minors going to help themselves? Let them present some kind of rebuilding program. All we hear is that TV is killing them. Let them come in with a substantial program, telling us what will save them. Then we can do something. I don't think TV has hurt as much as they say."

**LOUIS R. PERINI, President**  
**Milwaukee Braves**



"Some things we can do, but under the law we are not supposed to act in concert. Suppose we had 'a game of the day' on TV and tried to distribute the money among the minors. We might be called a monopoly. We have upped our contributions for expenses and working agreements."

**GEORGE M. WEISS, General Manager**  
**N.Y. Yankees**



"Intelligent restriction of TV in certain areas would be a direct help. The Yankees have sacrificed vast sums by refusing offers for unrestricted TV. Our farm director, Lee MacPhail, is a leader in the move to pay more to minor league clubs for working agreements. I'm thoroughly in accord."

**JOHN W. GALBREATH, President**  
Pittsburgh Pirates



"TV is the crux of the problem. It's so tremendous and complicated that it must have thorough study. It's no one's fault that we have no solution. The majors and minors should make a comprehensive study so that an equitable solution can be found. This won't be easy and it won't be quick."

**WILLIAM HARRIDGE, President**  
American League



"Nothing until we do know what ails the minors. Until then, how do we know the answers? I'll recommend that we appoint a committee to consult with them. Then we'll know why some clubs have folded. After we have these answers we can get together and see what can be done to help."

**WARREN C. GILES, President**  
National League



"We could help with rules that would give the minors greater opportunity to sell players to the best market. But nothing can replace hustle. I owned a minor club from 1920 to 1935. I hung on by selling players and asking civic-minded people for money. Also by hustling. Others can do it."

**FRED C. FRICK, Commissioner of Baseball**



"Revise player control rules so the minors can compete in the signing of players. There should be no bonus players. Selection prices in the draft should be higher. TV definitely hurts the minors. Major league clubs should consider this when making TV contracts until a solution is found."

## Try these for *Control!* The BASS NATIONAL TEMPO



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You'll like the feel of these Bass Ski Boots. They're made by the Maine shoemakers who know exactly how to keep American feet comfortable. The Bass National Tempo gives you firm, high-riding ankle support, snug fit heel—the protection you need for control on the trails. Superb fit at ankles, heels, toes, arches, helps prevent fatigue. This popular Notch-Top pattern is available in black Wilton grain.



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State _____	

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

# THE GOALIE

SOCCER IN WORDS AND PICTURES

by JACQUES TATI



**JACQUES TATI**, author, director and star of the delightful French film, *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, is caught in these antic pictures by the fanciful camera of Philippe Halsman.

**I**N soccer football when every players are running and having exercises with full of fun, one man watch the game with no action. He is responsible of the goal, who represent his private house. In the winter, when all the other players are running around and keeping warm, he is only one on the field who is obliged to have a very warm sweater because he is cold. This inaction does not mean that he is not the most important part of the team. If he lets the ball going inside his goal, each one will find a bad word against his mistakes. When his team scores one goal he has nothing to do with it. But when the other team scores one goal then it will look entirely his fault. Never a man has been in such a condition—to wait so long to make such an important and irreparable mistake."



**B-O-O-M!**



**Well, that's that....**



**Oh-Oh....**



**H-m-m-m-m-**



**Zut, Aïe!**



**Got it!**



**Here It COMES!**



**GONE!**



**Don't Look at me, boys!**

## PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



**LIZANNE KELLY**, pretty 21-year-old senior at the University of Pennsylvania, comes by both her good looks and athletic ability naturally as the youngest of Philadelphia's famed Kelly family. Captain of Penn's field hockey team, she is the sister of movie actress Grace Kelly and Olympic sculling champion John B. (Jack) Kelly Jr., sister-in-law of Olympic swimmer Mary Freeman, and daughter of two well-known athletes of another day—John B. Kelly Sr., champion oarsman, and the former Margaret Majer, swimmer and squash player. Lizanne is engaged to Don DeVine, former Bethany College football player.



**LAURETTE YOUNG**, 20 of Detroit and **BOB RHOADS**, 25, Minneapolis machinist, are national target archery champions for 1934. Blonde, blue-eyed Laurette won her first archery title at 15. Bob didn't win a major tournament until last year. Now both are readying themselves for the world championships in Helsinki next July.



**ARNOLDOO (Johnny) PEKELHARING** of Buenos Aires got his first sailing permit at 16. Now 18, he is one of Argentina's leading hopes in future international Star class competition. Johnny finished second in last year's South American championships. He cannot leave Argentina to sail because he is still a student in prep school.





**PAT SMYTHE** cannot recall ever having had an orthodox riding lesson, yet today at 25 she is England's top woman rider and Sportswoman of the Year. First introduced to horses when she was four, she has won virtually every international jumping title. Vivacious Pat also trains horses and has already written her autobiography in which she says of romance: "I have resistance to rushing fences of marriage."



**JAMES MCKINNEY**, 17, won the 1954 football Unsung Hero Award, given by McCormick & Company to the Baltimore area schoolboy whose steady play has not made headlines. McKinney was blocking back in Severn School's single-wing attack, starred on defense as a halfback. Columnist Red Smith made the presentation (above).

Carrioca  
makes a  
Holiday  
drink  
**SING!**



Most harmonious sight of all at Holiday time is a big, beaming bowl of Carioca Egg Nog...each sip a smooth symphony of festive flavor! By tradition, this finer Rum of Puerto Rico is the perfect Holiday accompaniment... delightfully light and mellow...joyously endowed with the versatility that makes every drink SING!



Ron  
**CARIOCA**

For the Carioca Egg Nog and other gay party recipes, write for booklet: SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., 122 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK FINE PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF

## the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmantine.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make your home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



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This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in United States Series "E" Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

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U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

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Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

Santa Clara's Ken Sears is the latest in the succession of athletes to win the nickname "big cat." He is also the biggest. Sears is a 6-foot 9-inch forward whose agility will prove a key to Pacific Coast basketball this season. Chiefly because of Sears, Santa Clara is the favorite to retain its title in the California Basketball Association. Most valuable player in the C.B.A. last season, Sears scored over 400 points.

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

## ALL ABOUT THE NEW YEAR'S DAY BOWL GAMES

The Rose, The Sugar, The Cotton and The Orange—everything you need to know if you're going—or just watching on TV. With scouting reports on each of the competing teams and Hickman's Hunches on these and other bowl games. A section every football fan will want to save for New Year's Day

SNOW FOR CHRISTMAS  
IN DAVOS

A five-page feature **IN COLOR** by Toni Frisell on Europe's most glamorous ski resort

BEST COLLEGE  
BASKETBALL PLAYER

Tom Gola, the sharpshooting center of the LaSalle College Five, Milt Gross introduces him to SI readers in an intimate study of a quiet but explosive star

**PLUS A CHRISTMAS FEATURE IN COLOR: SPORT IN STAINED GLASS AT NEW YORK CATHEDRAL**



# FORGET SOMETHING, BOYS?

The desperate plight of the minor leagues was a backdrop last week for the annual major league meeting in New York. But the rulers of baseball dealt with trivia, ignored the minors and went home

by **ROGER KAHN**

**E**LEVEN floors above the conference room in New York's Hotel Commodore, where the rulers of major league baseball met last week, a troubled man named George Trautman sat in his bedroom and talked. On his dresser was a bottle labeled:

## DORMIN

*For the Relief of Insomnia*

George Trautman's trouble and his insomnia stem from a common source. Trautman is president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues—the minors.

For two days major league magnates talked of expansion, of new cities, of California gold. The American League set up a committee to see what can be done, over the next year or two, about adding teams on the Pacific Coast. The National League, confident that it has a foot in the California door already, kept its counsel.

The minors? They were mentioned at the meetings. The major leagues agreed to invest a bit more money in clubs with which they had working agreements—and from which they draw nearly all their talent. The majors refused to vote a ban on telecasting or broadcasting their games into minor league cities. "We couldn't," one magnate explained confidentially. "Restraint of trade."

Before the 1954 major league meetings began, the fast-folding minor leagues were baseball's most pressing problem. When the meetings were over, the minors remained baseball's most pressing problem.

"Sure," said an angry minor league official as he prepared to head home,

"the magnates haven't done much in 50 years. You can't expect them to do anything in two days."

After more than 50 years of meeting, the major leagues' winter session has come to resemble, in broad outline, a convention of the American Dried Fruit and Pecan Nut Packers Association. There are industry-wide problems to be faced and the captains of industry sit at conference tables apparently facing them. This year baseball's captains actually faced very little.

On the first day of the meetings—Monday—the American and National Leagues met separately. The American League launched a study of expansion. The National League voted to bar press photographers from working on the field during games and dealt with matters of similar moment.

## CHATTER IN THE LOBBY

Tuesday the leagues met in joint session and spent the morning voting down the minor league request that TV and radio be limited. The owners began leaving town Tuesday afternoon.

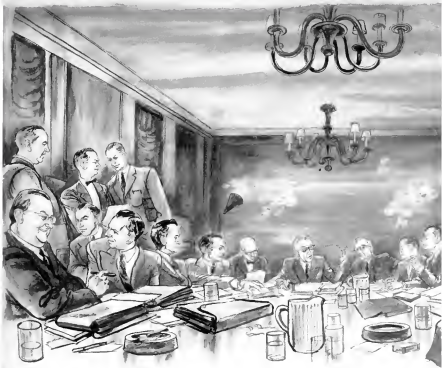
Some player trades had been made. With so many baseball men so close together, trades invariably evolve. While the owners met in conference rooms, managers and lesser officials spilled into the lobby, talking baseball and setting up deals, as they stood under team flags displayed by the Commodore in honor of the clubs that stop at that hotel on trips to New York during the season.

But the story of the major league meetings was not, as it had been in

*continued on next page*



**TWO MANAGERS.** Chuck Dressen of Washington (top) and Lou Boudreau of Kansas City, were among 13 big league pilots who came to meetings. They had no formal duties, but held luncheon, swapped tales, talked trade. Two trades were made.



MEYER  
O'MALLEY

PAUL  
FELNET

CARPENTER  
GUINN

CALBREATH

GALLAGHER

PRESIDENT  
GILES

COMMISSIONER  
FRICK

PRESIDENT  
HARRIDGE

LANE  
GRIFFITH

# BASEBALL continued from page 11

other years, somewhere in the lobby. It was not, as it has been, in the conference rooms. It was not even in George Trautman's suite. Rather, the story unfolded in many places; a story of baseball galloping off in two directions at one time.

The minor leagues are vanishing. Twenty-six leagues have disappeared since 1949, the minors' peak year, and holes have opened in the U.S. baseball map like the holes in a well-aged chunk of Swiss cheese.

There was the Mountain States League and the Central League, the Inter-State League and the Sunset League, the Lone Star League, the New England League, and, to break

the meter, the K.O.M. League (Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri) and the Wisconsin State League. All have blown away. With them have gone some of baseball's notable minor league towns: Sheboygan, Wis., Nashua, N.H. (where the Dodger battery of Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella broke into organized baseball eight years ago), Ponca City, Okla., Flint, Mich., Zanesville, Ohio. They get baseball only by radio and TV now.

Meanwhile the major league owners talk of spreading talent, already spread thin, still further.

That's pretty much what George Trautman discussed while the rulers of baseball discussed other things eleven floors below. "We have not yet met present conditions with progress,"

Trautman said. "That's the trouble."

It is possible the collapse of so many minor leagues is a reflection of a change in American habits—a preference for network TV talent to minor league baseball talent. If that be so, then only direct major league subsidy can enable the minors to survive and preserve the present structure and caliber of baseball. Without subsidy, all that can be asked is neat chisel work on minor league monuments by the man who carves: *Requiem in pass.*

According to Trautman, neither a chisel nor a subsidy is needed. "We just have to make our product more attractive," he said.

"After the war," Trautman explained, "we had our boom. At one time there were 59 minor leagues.



BRIGGS

JOHNSON

EHLERS COMiskey

GREENBERG

VILSON CROMIN

TANNY

TOPPING

WEISS

WEBB

That's more than there should have been because we got careless. Almost any eight men who came to see us with cities got a league. We didn't consider financial stability. That's one thing we're paying for now."

Trautman thinks the situation will get better as more draftees are released—2,300 minor leaguers are now in the service. He thinks a flaw that is correctable exists in those leagues which include both local independent franchises and major league farm clubs because farm clubs often have far better players and produce lopsided races. He points to surveys proving—surveys always prove—that people outside major league areas are still interested in minor league baseball. He points to enlightened minor league promotion,

to destruction of the myth that minor league players starve, to better balanced leagues, all as potential steps in the right direction.

"Out yonder," Trautman said, pointing west, "the minor leagues are reaching a point where they're going to be more successful. There's better promotion right now, and more hustle by the clubs to get out the fans. That'll make the leagues go."

Anyone with the faintest interest in the preservation of baseball must hope that Trautman is right. Unfortunately, the magnates did nothing more than hope, either.

Trautman and the minors have been left to shift for themselves. It looks like a banner year for the makers of DORMIN—For the Relief of Tusowain.

#### ABOUT THE DRAWING

Artist William Sharp re-creates the joint meeting of the major leagues. In the National League group are Brooklyn's Walter O'Malley, St. Louis' Dick Meyer, New York's Charles Feeney, Cincinnati's Gabe Paul, Milwaukee's John Quinn, Pittsburgh's John Galbreath, Philadelphia's Bob Carpenter, Chicago's Jim Gallagher, Pres. Warren Giles.

The American League group consists of President Will Harridge, Chicago's Frank Lane and Chuck Comiskey, Washington's Cal Griffith, Cleveland's Myron Wilson and Hank Greenberg, Boston's Joe Cronin and Tom Yawkey, Detroit's Spike Briggs, Kansas City's Arnold Johnson, Baltimore's Art Ehlers, New York's Dan Topping, George Weiss, Del Webb, Ford Frick presides.



HELEN DeOLIVERA



VI JONES



TOMMY FELNAGLE

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# 'PUT YOUR FOOT ON IT, MOTHER'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BALME

**TIRED OF WATCHING** their sports-car-loving husbands and boy friends drive off for an afternoon of racing, a group of California women formed the Women's Sports Car Club last year. Today the W.S.C.C. boasts 84 members,

many of whom are housewives, a few even grandmothers. Out at the track in Costa Mesa, now, it is Father who stands anxiously at the finish line while the shrill voices of the offspring call, "Put your foot on it, Mother. Faster!"



**GREASE MONKEY** Helen DeOlivera receives helpful advice from fellow members as she tries to locate the steering mechanism troubles in her Triumph T.R. 2.



**YOUNG SPECTATOR** arrives at races in his conventional vehicle; the sitter problem is solved.





**BUDDY WREGEIL**



**MARY SMITH**



**SUNNIE MCBRIDE**



**GREEN FLAG** is waved at Helen DeOlivera as she skids round one of the hairpin curves at Costa Mesa. Hunkards and some of

the girls usually act as officials for W.S.C.C. meets and the ladies sometimes help out by acting as minor officials for the men's races.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIERRE BOULAT

## VISITING FIREMEN

**T**RADITIONAL SHOOTING grounds for a French president and his guests is a 2,500-acre preserve in Rambouillet Forest. Most important shoot is the Diplomatse Outing, organized to arouse amity between foreign ambassadors and the French chief of state. At this year's hunt, representatives from 13 countries showed up, and when the gunsmoke cleared 350 pheasants had been bagged.



**INDIAN AMBASSADOR** Sardar Hardit Singh Malik stands poised by roadside with his loader while beaters stir up the birds.



**BRIEF RESPIRE** between shooting rounds is enjoyed by Ambassador Malik who had done no hunting since diplomatic shoot of last year; he knocked down 50 birds by very unofficial count this year. In background is Soviet Ambassador Serge Vinogradov.



**COUNTING KILL** after fourth drive are British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb (center) and Indonesian Ambassador Anak Agoeng Gede Agoeng (right). Total number of pheasants killed was far exceeded by sum of individual scores which were generously tallied



by professionally obsequious game wardens. Since this was a diplomatic outing there were no embarrassing questions asked. Most of the bag was sent to hospitals for needy patients.



**SIR GLADWYN** brings his gun into position. He reportedly accounted for 46 birds.



**NORWEGIAN AMBASSADOR** Rolf Andvord draws bead on pheasant overhead.



**WHITE-SMOCKED** soldiers who served as beaters and loaders bring in some of the day's bag. The preserve normally contains about 18,000 pheasants and the weekly depredations of visiting firemen plus the transfer of stock to other French forests requires the government to add about 8,000 birds yearly to supply sufficient targets for guests.



**SWAMP BUGGY DERBY** begins on soggy track near Naples, Fla. with 5,000 spectators lining the course. The derby officials made mud hole even sloppier than normal by flooding it before

the race. Most of the vehicles are ordinarily used for hunting the Everglades' wild game—boar, deer, turkeys. Almost all of the buggies are specially adapted for swamp travel with high

## MUDDY BUT UNBOWED

**ORDINARILY** a rather unattractive substance to deal with, mud sometimes adds a certain zest to a sporting event, just as a dash of bitters contributes an indefinable something to an Old Fashioned. Recently sportsmen in two widely separated lands held traditional contests where good goosy muck was as much a part of the proceedings as the contestants. In the Florida Everglades the 6th annual Swamp Buggy Derby took place on a quarter-mile track known as the Mile o' Mud, and a sloppy time was had by all as the swamp-going vehicles churned over the track.

Across the Atlantic, Eton schoolboys wallowed on a muddy field in the 114-year-old Wall Game. When their days were done, swamp buggy jockeys and Wall Game players knew they had forged another link in traditions, covered themselves with an aqueous glory.



**WALL GAME** begins with players wearing clean uniforms, their schoolmates cheering from atop one wall. The field itself is a long, narrow oblong, walled on two sides and the goals are a door in one wall, a elm tree at the other end of the field. Object of the



chassis to clear mud and oversized tires for better traction, Derby rules require contestants to stop buggies 100 feet from finish line, get out, slog around vehicles, climb aboard and start



up again. With rules like that even a driver who stayed out in front would have a hard time keeping himself clean. Cigar-smoking William A. Brook (above) shows what a loose looks like.



game is to touch the ball to the opponents' goal. Both teams attempt to move the ball by massive formations and employ all forms of physical violence short of manslaughter; very few points

have been scored in the 114 years of this mayhem. On a muddy day the ball occasionally disappears beneath the ground, players look as if they crawled from beneath it when the game is finished.



## WONDERFUL WORLD

continued

### 'JUST ONE MORE, PLEASE'

A STANDARD REWARD for sporting achievement nowadays—along with the prize or the prize money—is a buss from a beauty queen. The resulting picture has become a sports-page standby.

When Bob Rosburg won the Miami Open last week by shooting a five-under-par last round, a suitable beauty queen, Miss Orange Bowl (Carolyn Stroupe), was on hand to do the honors. Rosburg, however, was luckier than most winners. All three major picture services had photographers covering the event and Miss Orange Bowl, eyes closed dreamily, had to go through her paces for all three while the age-old cry of photographers, "Just one more, please," fell on Rosburg's happy ears. Here, in the usual order, is how AP, INP and UP recorded the event.





## **SPECTACLE**

# **MONGOOSE v COBRA**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YLLA

Mongoose and king cobra—legendary enemies—square off in their classic and rarely photographed encounter near Mysore, India. Here the mongoose, master of the quick dart, dances and feints to make the cobra strike—and miss. Then the little snake-kater himself will strike. Photographs on the following pages show what happened



Defroid, the mongoose brings the fight to the snake; always with the purpose of getting a firm toothhold on the head, for a bitten king cobra lashes about so violently it often dislodges its adversary. As the snake maneuvers to strike without getting too far off balance, it finds the mongoose poised and ready to execute a seemingly impossible escape or counterattack (right)



*continued*







Death is certain for the cobra now as its stalker holds fast. If anyone knew the mind of this animal it was Kipling, whose famous mongoose Rikki-tikki-tavi said, "It must be the head . . . the head above the hood, and when I am once there, I must not let go"

## SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS TAKE NOTE OF A WEEK IN WHICH JAMES D. NORRIS SAID

"ABSURD," MAX SCHMELING REMEMBERED AN UNEXPECTEDLY HARD

FIGHT AND A VETERAN SPORTSWRITER REMEMBERED THE NAME NORRIS

## Witnesses of the week

HEAVYWEIGHT Harry Thomas' sworn story in SI (Dec. 13) that it was Jim Norris, boxing's head man, who ordered him to throw his fights with Max Schmeling and Tony Galento produced reactions from near and far.

Reaction No. 1 came from Norris, in New York, who called the article "untrue, libelous and absurd." Then, several days later, in Chicago, he announced that he had advised his lawyers to sue for \$5 million.

Arch Ward, Chicago Tribune sports editor who broke the Thomas story in 1939, disclosed in his column how he got it: "One day we had a call from a former associate, Jimmy Crusinberry, who . . . for many years earlier had been a baseball reporter for the Tribune.

. . . He told us he had heard strong rumors that two or three professional boxing bouts involving widely known personnel had been faked. . . It was Crusinberry who suggested that we contact Harry Thomas . . . we still don't know where Crusinberry got his tip."

In Arizona, Crusinberry spoke up to tell SI where he got his information: from Harry Thomas himself (see next page).

In Germany, Max Schmeling, apparently in some confusion as to what Thomas had said and when he said it, paid tribute to Thomas as a fighter and deplored his statement. "I had underestimated Thomas, who was not considered a great fighter," Max told the United Press, "and I really had to fight hard to defeat him. He put up a good

fight and the victory cost me lots of sweat." (Thomas' version was that he gave Schmeling a rough time of it in the early rounds until ordered to ease up.) Max denounced the Thomas story as "pure invention" and asked: "Why did it take Thomas all these years to claim that something was foul?" Thomas, of course, had made his original statement in 1939.

In his Orange, N.J. tavern Tony Galento gave thought to the matter and decided he had been insulted. "No bum like Harry Thomas had to quit for me," said Tony. In Galento's view Thomas was "the world's champion liar" and Norris "a swell guy."

The Illinois State Athletic Commission expressed the view that "any further hearings should be held in New York and Pennsylvania," where the Schmeling and Galento bouts were staged. But then Illinois' new-brooming Governor Billy Stratton, who had appointed all three members of the commission, said at a press conference that "in view of the nature of the charges the commission is warranted in looking into the matter although the events allegedly occurred more than 20 [sic] years ago." Norris ought to have an opportunity, he added, to explain the whole thing to the commission.

## Leather merchant

IN AN ERA when small fight clubs are vanishing from the U.S. scene and when boxing's name has fallen low, a chunky, 30-year-old Spokane, Wash. bachelor named Gus Cozza is working night and day to make a name for himself as a boxing promoter in his home town. He hopes to make a profit (though only in order to give the money to charity) but does not mind losing his own cash since he is impelled by an unusual though refreshing theory—that a man can enhance his own reputation as a public-spirited citizen and quite possibly his reputation as a good businessman by producing good, honest professional fights.

Spokane's new promoter is, obviously enough, a rather unusual type. He was orphaned at three, grew up in the  
*continued on next page*



"May I see this dribbled?"

homes of various older brothers and sisters and worked his way through high school and Spokane's Gonzaga University. With little more than a hammer and a government surplus truck he launched himself as a building contractor. He put up more than 2,000 houses—including a \$100,000 show-place for himself—and in a few years found himself well on the way to riches. Ten months ago the Washington State Boxing Commission (which was delighted at the idea of a boxing impresario who was willing to loan money for the sweet sake of publicity) granted him a promoter's license.

Cozza immediately set out to look for "connections rather than entanglements" in the fight game. He flew east, lunched with Ray Arcel, Al Weill and various other promoters and fight managers. He did the same in California. He made no alliances with Jim Norris' I.B.C. because he believed he had something which would serve him better: money. "Managers," he says, coldly enough, "regard their boxers as merchandise. I'm used to buying merchandise. Sure, there are a lot of crooks in boxing. There are crooks in lots of businesses. But you don't have to deal their way if you know values."

Cozza, a dark, handsome, heavy-browed man, started out by leasing a defunct dance club and turning it into a gym. He promoted his first cards

there. The fights began at 9 o'clock, in the hopes of attracting Friday evening shopping crowds. He lost \$1,500 a card. "Boxing," he reasoned, "had a bad name. I wanted to show it could be promoted properly." But he had no illusions that he could lure TV fight fans away from their sets without big names. Last week he began the second phase of his operation—he promoted a fight between Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler and a local boxer named Bobby Woods in Spokane's shiny new 8,400-seat Coliseum.

Cozza took his seat at ringside suffering with a heavy cold—in his enthusiasm he had insisted on doing road work with Saddler every morning, and the effort was a little too much for him. But he eyed the proceedings with a satisfied air. A crowd of 5,744 people attended the battle (which Saddler won in 10 rounds) and paid back close to the \$20,000 which Cozza had shelled out to put on the show. The new promoter has already discussed Spokane appearances with Middleweight Champion Bobo Olson and Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, and hopes to present nationally televised fights (with Spokane blacked out) in the future.

If these plans fail? "Well," he says, "I didn't start out building houses with the idea of making a million—just to put up the best house I could."

## Tempest in a piggy bank

SINCE their championship season of 1948 the Chicago Cardinals have been the low team on the professional football totem pole. Stumblefoot, butterfinger players and a porous defense have run the team into the cellar and into the red.

Naturally, with the team in such a consistently depressed state, there



have been rumors that the Cards were not long for Chicago, that they would be sold or shift their franchise.

Well, not so. The owners have responded to such talk with a dramatic gesture. They have installed a profit-sharing program, the first in professional football and the first, very likely, in any major professional team sport.

The Cards, it was announced by Managing Director Walter Wolfner, will set aside no less than 50% of the net profits from all their 1955 football operations, including radio and television receipts, for distribution among players and coaches—players to get 33%, coaches 17. The idea is to give the team "incentive."

## A NEWSPAPERMAN REMEMBERS



JIM CRUSINBERRY: "I WAS THE PARTY"

JIM CRUSINBERRY today is semiretired, wintering in Arizona. At 75, he can look back on a long, eventful career as a newspaperman in Chicago, St. Louis and New York. His stories on the Black Sox scandal, along with others on horse racing and boxing, are included in the book, *The Greatest Sport Stories from the Chicago Tribune*.

Crusinberry has full confidence in

Harry Thomas and declares that the first time the heavyweight boxer told his story of the fixed fights he implicated Jim Norris. Here is what Crusinberry told SI this week:

"I was the party who arranged for Harry Thomas to tell his story of how his bouts with Max Schmeling and Tony Galento were fixed to the Chicago Tribune, and I have never doubted that he was telling the truth.

"I was living in Chicago at that time and was well acquainted with Lee Carroll, the man to whom Thomas wrote that the fight with Schmeling Dec. 13, 1937 was fixed for him to lose.

"A few days before that fight Carroll came to me and showed me the letter. I told him that he should be sure and keep it in his possession.

"After the Galento fight, Thomas, whom I had met through Carroll, told me the whole story. He implicated Jim Norris, as he did in the SI story, along with Jacobs and Nate Lewis. He said that Norris was his real manager, not Lewis, and as I remember it his story was substantially the same as he told it to SI.

"After I'd heard the story I said to him, 'Harry, now that you're through fighting, wouldn't you like to get this thing out into the open and off your

mind?' and he said, 'Yes, I think I would.'

"He took a day to think it over and then came to me and told me he was ready to tell the story.

"I then went to Arch Ward, the sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, and told him the story. He took charge from there.

"I noticed at the time that Jim Norris' name was not included in the Tribune's account but I never made any inquiry as to why it was omitted.

"At the time I was employed by a Chicago radio station. I gave the Tribune the story because I knew Arch Ward and because I had formerly worked for that newspaper and knew it would print it if any paper would.

"Harry Thomas was a big, nice, honest sort of guy. A lot of people talk of him now as if he were some sort of stumblebum but he was a good fighter. I often thought that if he hadn't started so late, he could have become champion. He could hit hard with either hand and took a punch well. But he was 27 or 28 years old before he started serious professional boxing.

"I never saw any real reason for Thomas to lie about it. I never had a doubt then that he was telling the truth, and I don't have any now."

There's a catch, though. In their championship 1948 season the Cards netted only \$7,500. Thereafter the team has lost money every year until 1954, when poor regular season gate receipts were offset somewhat by increased radio, TV and exhibition money. This year's profit is conceded to be tiny.

While Cardinal players and coaches expressed pleasure over the new dispensation, there were intimations that other, more prosperous owners in the National Football League were having nightmares that their players soon might be demanding a share in real, true profits. Thus spoke George Halas, owner-coach of the Chicago Bears: "If [Wolfer's] looking for incentive, I suggest he double each player's salary immediately."

## Writing on a Roman wall

A DISPATCH from Rome reveals that a soccer field will be built on the site of the Circus Maximus. Readers of ancient history will recall the Circus Maximus as the greatest of the ancient Roman stadiums, where as many as 200,000 spectators gathered to root the favorite chariot home.

Chariot racing and the Circus Maximus seem a far cry from baseball and minor league ball parks, but baseball men doing the ostrich act with the minor league problems of declining attendance and disappearing leagues ("Don't worry. Baseball is too popular to die out.") might well study the parallel. Chariot racing was the sport in ancient Rome, just as baseball, baseball men claim, is today. Fan loyalty, however, is not undying. Distractions, like Goths or television, can wreak havoc if uncontrolled. And while an abandoned ball park may not have the size and dignity of an abandoned Circus Maximus, it's just as empty.

## Der Bangler

DURING his years in the public eye, Bing Crosby has demonstrated a well-publicized enthusiasm for horse racing (he helped finance California's Del Mar Track), for baseball (he is an owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates), for golf (he annually conducts a tournament at Pebble Beach) and big-game hunting (he has published an article on the vicissitudes of pursuing Rocky Mountain sheep). But the other day, as a guest on Ed Murrow's TV show *Person to Person*, Bing confessed that his favorite sport was none of these.

"Oh, Ed, I think fishing, really," Bing said, when the question was put to him. "Conditions vary, and fish vary and their temperament varies and their desire to bite or feed varies with the feeding conditions on the stream or lake or ocean or wherever you happen to be. It's always a challenge and

a problem and you've got to keep thinking. It's a complete relief. It's very difficult to take any problems fishing . . . they disappear as soon as you get that line on the water."

Bing proved that he meant it by refusing to say a word more. "Ed," he apologized, "I wouldn't want to tell you about [my favorite spots] because there would be a lot of traffic headed [that way]."

## A vote for rugger

ANGLO-AMERICAN relations have reached new heights of amity in many fields, but few Englishmen have yet shaken the feeling that U.S. football is mayhem conducted by padded madmen—and few Americans the tolerant impression that rugby is a sort of basketball played on a soccer field. This mutual suspicion is understandable enough; hardly anybody on either side tries the other's game and the number who have played both, seriously, is infinitesimal. This fall, however,



Rhodes Scholar Vincent W. Jones, a six-foot-three inch, 237-pound ex-Dartmouth tackle, won his blue in rugby at Oxford and after catching his breath came to a conclusion that may well startle many of his countrymen: rugby is tougher and a lot more fun.

Jones, a Californian of many enthusiasms and interests (he is a Phi Beta Kappa, a sports car driver, a big-game hunter and a mountaineer who flew to Africa last summer to climb Mount Kilimanjaro), did not sit in judgment, however, without puncturing at least one of England's fondest illusions—that good rugby backs would run wild in U.S. football without pads and helmets. Says he: "They wouldn't last 30 minutes." He entered a few other demurrers, too. He finds that the rain-drenched, almost rootless English turf gives terrible footing. He could not grow accustomed to the fact that Oxford provides no showers for muddy, sweat-drenched players after a game. "You are expected to walk all the way back to your own room to change if you don't die on the way."

Nevertheless, he chose rugby as the more interesting sport. "As a lineman in football I'm just a pawn. In rugger I take part in the tactics; I an pass and even make like a fu'cock and score. Rugby practice is relaxation—football practice at home is a grim routine." Jones gave his reasons for feeling rugby was the harder game: "It is 80 minutes of continuous running and shoving; it takes more endurance. There is only a five-minute intermission and you don't lie down in a dress-

ing room, you stand on the field. There are no substitutions. Rugby demands more continuous awareness of what you have to do next. It's exhausting. Of course, you get more physically beat up in football but you aren't completely exhausted."

Jones, who is the first American since 1931 to win a blue in rugby, did not go to England unprepared. He began playing the game in Bermuda during vacations, continued it at Stanford while studying law and toured Australia with a U.S. rugby team before going to England. Even so he was hardly prepared for some of Oxford's attitudes.

When he was invited to play with the varsity team for the first time this fall he naturally presumed that he would—as at Dartmouth—he expected to turn up for practice daily. He did not know that one does not mingle in practice with the team before receiving an engraved three-by-five inch invitation card from the captain. "The secretary took me aside," Jones recalls, "and said in a fatherly tone, 'Vince, we know you have good intentions but you really must work out on your own unless you receive an invitation.'" The secretary called him aside again after he had enthusiastically shaken a fellow player's hand after a score. "Vince," he was told, "we don't want to turn this into an emotional game like soccer."

But for all this other-worldly atmosphere, Jones confessed as he warmed up in the dressing room before this year's Oxford-Cambridge game at historic Twickenham (Cambridge won, 3-0) that he had never felt as keyed up in three years of varsity football in the U.S. Later he confessed to a sense of genuine bias. The dressing room at Twickenham boasted ten large, old-fashioned white bathtubs, and after the game the players climbed into them, two to the tub, and sloshed in companionable luxury.

## Everyman a Queeg

THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk was a runaway bestseller in its original edition. It has reached hundreds of thousands of other readers as a drug-store paperback. It was made into a hit movie with Humphrey Bogart and was satirized on television by Jack Benny and Leo Durocher. Presumably, therefore, every adult in the U.S. is aware that Commander Queeg of the story was addicted to rolling two small steel balls between his fingers when agitated. Now an enterprising manufacturer has announced (Weekend Shopper section, SI, Dec. 6) that anyone may own a pair of what he calls "Queeg balls." Recommends them at \$12 the pair for nervous, supercharged, ulcer-ridden friends, for that "Mr. High-powered" on your Christmas list.

No special rates for football coaches quoted, but it wouldn't hurt to ask.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

# THINK

The art of weight lifting, according to two champions, requires powerful thought. Without it, the lifter's power is directionless; but if his thinking is right, he'll feel as though he were alone in a void, and he may never notice the weight as he lifts

by EZRA BOWEN

**T**HE only way to raise a 400-pound barbell over your head is to think it up there. It helps to have several cubic feet of muscle packed around the shoulders and loins, but the muscle becomes superfluous if the thought is missing.

#### SILENT PRAYER

This, at least, is the conclusion of Norbert Schemansky, who can lift more pounds of barbell overhead than anybody else on earth. Not long ago, he gave a rather awesome demonstration of the power of thought at a YMCA in his native Detroit. After tossing around some trifling 200-250-pound weights in a conventional warmup—"to draw the blood"—Schemansky attacked a 400-pounder. He walked slowly up to the bar, like a massive mahout approaching a truculent bull elephant. Placing his shins next to the bar, he squatted, wrapped his hands around the bar, and then stared pensively ahead (sober) in what appeared to be a two-second prayer for success.

Suddenly he had the bar off the floor, then at waist level, then overhead; and just as suddenly, back on the floor—

set down as gently as if he were shooting a kitten.

Later, he explained his moment of prayer. "If you go up there and you're not thinking, the thing'll seem pretty heavy. You just can't get coordinated. Before you start, you got to try to get all your thoughts into seeing how much drive you can put in the lift, so you have a pretty good idea you can do it. Then, in those last couple of seconds, your mind's almost a blank, just thinking about getting that thing up there. If you make it right, you don't even feel the weight. Just use your legs to come erect and there you are."

Schemansky usually makes it right. At the world's championships on Oct. 10 in Vienna he set a world total-weight record of 1,974 $\frac{1}{4}$  pounds in the three Olympic lifts (see pp. 30, 31), and another record of 331 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds in the snatch. A week later, he traveled to Lille, France, for another international competition and set the most awesome individual-lift record now on the books: 424 pounds—clean and jerk.

Another powerful thinker, whose mid-dleweight and light-heavyweight lift-

ing records are almost as impressive as those of heavyweight Schemansky, is Tommy Kono (*next page*), a soft-spoken Japanese-American with cat-quick reflexes and the title of The Most Beautiful Athlete in the World.

Concentration, to Kono, is the essence, although he admits to greater awareness of muscle than Schemansky.

#### SILENT ROOM

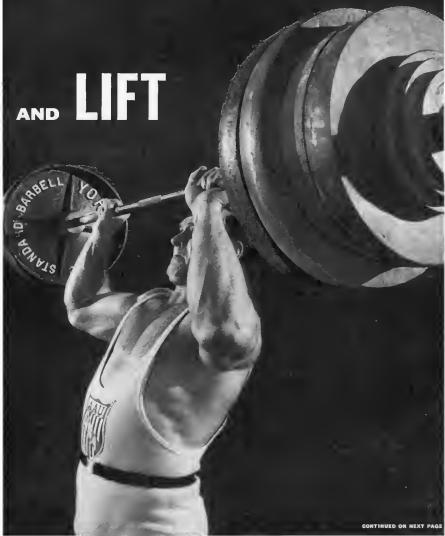
"While you're walking up there to the bar, you try to think of what you have to do. You try to concentrate to eliminate any noise going on. When I get there, I try to have a positive attitude. I try to think of myself lifting it—whether my back breaks or not."

"If I concentrate hard enough, it's actually like being in a room all by myself. There's darkness all around, and all I have is the weight before me. If I'm nerved up for the effort, I feel the weight for the first three or four inches. After that, I don't feel the weight at all."

That, apparently, is all there is to it. Concentration, darkness; then think—and lift, just a little.

HAVING THOUGHT, WORLD CHAMPION SCHEMANSKY LIFTS A 400-POUND WEIGHT OVERHEAD

# AND LIFT



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## THE SNATCH

Starting snatch, Schemansky spreads hands wide. This costs him leverage but decreases distance bar must be hefted overhead. He flips 275-pound weight off floor, using back and shoulder muscles



## CLEAN AND JERK

Kono uses closer grip for two-stage clean and jerk. First stage brings 325-pound weight to waist level, where short-legged Kono quickly squats to get under bar, then pushes



## CLEAN AND PRESS

In press, lifter depends less on speed, more on beef. Lift starts as Schemansky cleans weight to shoulder height. He pauses two seconds, then presses 275-pound barbell





to give weight initial momentum which will help carry it all the way up in one unbroken movement. As barbell passes shoulders, 225-pound Schemansky does lightning split to get underneath the weight, then uses his tremendous leg power to reach standing finish.



with legs to reach standing position. Lifter may now rest until he is ready to jerk the weight overhead. When he is all set, Kono does half-split to get arms locked, then straightens up. Long pause and subsequent split allow for greater lifts than snatch or press.



overhead with smooth push of arms, back and shoulders. In latter stage of lift, he may not move feet, double torso, or bend knees. Final push from dead stop is toughest maneuver for heavyweight Schemansky who feels his build is a little too light for this lift.



# "LET'S FACE IT, HARRY—THE PROBLEMS ARE YOURS"

Last week Harry Hopman, captain of Australia's Davis Cup team, predicted a clear-cut victory for his side. Now the U.S. captain replies—with some different opinions

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA

Dear Harry,

Your article last week predicting victory for Australia in the 1954 Challenge Round for the Davis Cup leads me to one immediate conclusion. You are either the greatest swami in the world or you have been reading, with deep attention, Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

You say that Australia will win with a greater margin than last year if your players' form holds true. I have been looking at the record and I can find no basis for such a statement. Of the four major championships in the world this past year—Wimbledon, the U.S., the Australian and French—your two singles representatives, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, won none. Vic Seixas, on the other hand, won the U.S. and Tony Trabert took the French title. The only major title you hold, the Australian, was won by Mervyn Rose, and he will be warming the bench at Sydney when the Challenge Round is played.

## STRONGER THAN LAST YEAR?

Analyzing the over-all situation as the Cup play opens, it's hard to see why you believe that Australia's position today is stronger even than last year. At that time Hoad had won three major singles titles in which Americans played. You had the two best doubles teams in the world. The U.S. was forced to struggle along with an unproved doubles combination. Our team was edgy and far from its best playing form, irked and irritated by minor incidents.

How does it look this year? To me it seems the shoe is on the other foot. Let's face it, Harry—the problems are back all right, but this time they're your problems.

The Australian press, for one thing, is firing broadsides again—but this time at the Australian camp instead of the American; and it's sparing nobody, firing at the players, at yourself as captain, and at the selectors.

You've got player problems too. Your biggest ones would seem to be Hoad's inconsistency and Hartwig's

feeble resistance against Rosewall, which prompted the Melbourne *Argus* to call it "a laughing performance." Defeat definitely eliminated him as a singles contender.

Let's take a closer look at some of your statements and see how they stand up under the searching light of the record.

You say "Having two or three of the world's best doubles combinations on our side, the odds are Australia's way for that often vital match."

The record shows that Trabert and Seixas have defeated Hoad and Rosewall four matches to one this past year, and Rose and Hartwig have gone down before them three to one. This gives the American pair the claim to being the best in the world and certainly the masters of any combination Australia can field.

You bring up incidents of last year involving American players and say their reports of treatment by Australian galleries are greatly exaggerated.

I would like to call your attention to an article in the Melbourne *Argus* which says, "If Americans take the Davis Cup home with them from Sydney few Australians will complain as long as we see the same sportsmanship being displayed at home. The American Davis Cup team has given its Australian opposite a lesson in temperament right in our own backyard." And this didn't just happen by chance. Before we left America, I talked to the boys and we all decided that last year's unpleasantness were an object lesson, and that we would work to prevent a recurrence this time.

By contrast, Hoad's petulant, indifferent attitude in his match with Vic Seixas brought from the Australian press the comment: "The most shocking exhibition of court manners since Art Larsen played here four years ago." Also, his play was called "woeful," and Hartwig's performance was described as "shocking."

You say, "Hoad again will defeat both Trabert and Seixas."

If you know this to be true you could ease the minds of five selectors who are fingering in red plush seats and gnawing their nails over Hoad's colossal reversal of his form of last year. You say, "Rosewall will beat Seixas and at the same time I certainly don't concede the Rosewall-Trabert encounter." Well, I certainly don't concede the Seixas-Rosewall match either. Vic came within a hairbreadth of winning the fourth set match with Rosewall in the Victoria championship. He knows the answer for beating Rosewall and is working hard to achieve it. Seixas was a long time winning at Wimbledon and Forest Hills and his next match with Rosewall may give him the third crown in a cycle of lessons learned the hard way.

## NO WILLIE MAYS

You say, "With luck, Australia could sweep all five challenge round matches." On the record it would take a great deal of luck to produce such a sweep. Leo Durocher did it with the Giants against Cleveland in the World Series, but you don't have a Willie Mays or a Dusty Rhodes.

This has been a crazy tennis year with no individual or nation dominating the field. However, at the moment, the Americans seem to be in a comfortable position and from where I sit I think it will be a 3-2, 4-1, or 5-0 victory for Uncle Sam, as you predict it will be for the Aussies.

It all puts me in mind of the story about how Lew Hoad turned down Maureen Connolly's suggestion that he take up ballet to develop his agility. Hoad tried it, with two teammates and the help of some ballerinas, but his abrupt comment on the whole thing was: "I've had it."

Maybe you've had it too, Harry.

Sincerely,  
Bill Talbert

**For detailed preview of Davis Cup competition in Australia, in words, pictures and historical background, see opposite page and pages 36-39**



**VIC SEIXAS**, 31, became the U.S. singles champion this year on his 14th try. Named to the Davis Cup Australian expeditionary

force for the fourth time, Vic can capitalize on foot weaknesses, but has yet to play his best in Australia.



**TONY TRABERT**, 24, is former American champion and still the big gun of the U.S. Cup offensive. Off their 1954 record, he and Sebas constitute the strongest doubles team in amateur tennis. Trabert, too, is a team veteran.



**HAM RICHARDSON**, 21, enjoyed his best season in 1954. If he keeps this up he might break into the U.S. line-up in a singles berth.

# Schenley *brings back*



If you have a flair for elegance — and the means to afford it — you will grace your holiday table with these Schenley whiskies.

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# *The Golden Age of Elegance*

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**LEW HOAD**, top-seeded among foreigners at U.S. Nationals, disappointed Australia by losing to Ham Richardson. But on home turf, and with the Cup at stake, 29-year-old Hoad is usually inspired:



**REX HARTWIG**, 25, was a surprise finalist at Forest Hills, but then was defeated by Seixas in four sets. Able at doubles, too, Hartwig may be used anywhere in defense of tennis' greatest trophy.



**KEN ROSEWALL**, 28, is capable of brilliant tennis, both in tactics and execution. He won the deciding challenge-round match over Seixas last year after Hoad had squeaked by Trabert in a five-set thriller.

## THE DAVIS CUP

Summery, tennis-minded Australia is the setting for one of the liveliest Challenge Round duels in history. This time the U.S. team means business

by WHITNEY TOWER

SUCH green howlers of U.S. tennis as Forest Hills and Longwood lay under coatings of hard gray frost last week; in the U.S. north it was even a little cold for football. But in Australia, under the warm skies of late spring, the annual tennis fever was mounting with the thermometer. In tropical Brisbane, some 10,000 miles from Forest Hills, the heat had reached 95°. Clothes clung awkwardly to the skin, even if a man walked at a leisurely pace. There, in Brisbane, the U.S. Davis Cup team was working its way toward the 1954 Challenge Round. By the end of the month they should be ready to face the Australian champions in a fourth attempt to recapture the Cup in four years.

Tennis is big news in Australia at any time of year. In December it is front page news. Airborne visitors look down on hundreds of courts in every major city. Business men carry rackets to work, sip off during lunch hour for a quick game. Everybody knows the score—from bartenders to government officials. Everybody also knew—or thought he did—something about the troubles of blond, thick-shouldered Lew Hoad who made a hero of himself in the 1953 Challenge Round only to finish up the current tournament season with a five-star crash in the Victorian championships (SI, Dec. 13). Some newspapers hastily hinted in pictures and headlines that Cupid is the culprit in Hoad's case, and that a romance with attractive Staley—also a tennis player—is more on his mind than Harry Hopman's famous discipline for young tennis players.

So disturbed were some veteran Davis Cup observers that at the sight of a slumping Hoad, they were ready to concede the Cup to the U.S. even before the rival squads could go about settling the issue on Sydney's White City Courts, Dec. 27-29.

The assumption in Australia is that these two teams will surely meet at Sydney. As far as assumptions go, this is a pretty safe one. First, however, on

Brisbane's Milton Courts this week, Bill Talbert, the American nonplaying captain, will give his team a final tune-up. His one-two punch, American champion Vic Seixas and former titleholder Tony Trabert, go against Sweden's Lennart Bergelin and Sven Davidson in the Inter-Zone finals. The Swedes, survivors of 23 challenging nations in the European zone, appear to have only an outside chance against the champion of the seven-nation American zone.



EVENT: 1954 Davis Cup Competition.

ORIGIN: Inaugurated in 1900 when Dwight F. Davis presented the Cup for annual international lawn tennis competition.

DEFENDING CHAMPION: Australia.

CHALLENGERS: Starting field of 30 nations; 23 in European zone, 7 in American zone.

INTER-ZONE FINAL: U.S. vs. Sweden, Milton Courts, Brisbane, Dec. 16-18.

CHALLENGE ROUND: Inter-Zone winner vs. Australia, White City Courts, Sydney, Dec. 27-29.

TYPE OF TOURNAMENT: Four singles, one doubles match. Best three out of five matches wins.

FORMER WINNERS: U.S.—16 years.

Australia—11 years.

Great Britain—9 years.

France—6 years.

(Including Australasia)

NO COMPETITION: 1901, 1910

1915-1918

1940-1945

PRIZE: Possession of Davis Cup by winning team and privilege of conducting next Challenge Round on home courts.

But Talbert can take no chances. Davidson, after all, is the current U.S. indoor champion, and although he and Bergelin are more at home on the slow composition surfaces found on the continent than on the slick Australian turf, he is fully capable of an upset. Nobody has to remind Talbert of last year's Inter-Zone final when Seixas, in the throes of a nine-month slump, lost his opening match to Jacques Brichant of Belgium. "This time," says the U.S. captain, "we'll have our best foot forward."

## SEIXAS' MOVING SPIRIT

His best foot, by a happy turn of events, may well be this same Vic Seixas playing at the top of a game notable for its rise and fall. Trabert, as past experience has shown, is capable of brilliant tennis when the spirit moves him. Captain Talbert hopes for just the right sort of moving spirit this week. If something goes wrong with either player, Hamilton Richardson, certainly one of the strongest reserve players in Cup history, will get the nod. If all goes well—as expected—Seixas and Trabert will pair off against Hoad and Ken Rosewall in the Challenge Round. A recent attack of mumps may not only eliminate Rex Hartwig, a third member of the Australian team, but will relieve his country's five-man selection committee of much of the pressure being put on it to use Hartwig (who has beaten Trabert in three straight matches) instead of a rebellious Hoad.

Practice sessions will go on to the last day. Harry Hopman, the stickler for superb condition and discipline, has his boys up early for a few laps around the track and later in the day prescribes a gym workout along with two court workouts. Would-be visitors to the dressing room are met with a "No Admittance" sign; no interviews are allowed. Hopman occasionally grants evening "passes" to his players, but an evening of liberty terminates

continued on next page

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**DAVIS CUP PREVIEW** *continued*

with the captain's personal 11 p.m. bedtime. The U.S. team lacks stern regimentation. "But," says Talbert, "we do what is necessary to keep in shape, and nobody has to be driven. We feel our boys are intelligent enough to look out for themselves."

More than 25,000 people will watch each day's play during the Challenge Round. Many times that number, having been turned away by the ticket sellers, will settle down with the rest of the population to listen to the play-by-play radio accounts.

As they prepare to face the Swedes this week, the American team seemed better adjusted for Cup play than on any of the three previous disappointing invasions. They worked with a purpose on specific tactical points and did their best to keep out of the limelight. Australian sportswriters, who won their



**JENNIFER STALEY** of Melbourne was on Hoad's mind too, Aussie papers said.

badge of loyalty in former years by falsely accusing the Americans of drinking champagne in fancy night clubs, have now turned their guns on the home forces. Strongest newspaper dig at the U.S. players so far was an accusation that Americans rode about in luxurious limousines while Hoad and Rosewall were forced by their own officials to walk the streets. This hardly disturbed Talbert and his men, who have no limousines at their disposal. Said Talbert, "They can write what they please about me, because I don't read the papers." Seixas added calmly, "I wouldn't say anything if somebody dropped an atom bomb on center court."

Players ready? Linesmen ready?





**NORMAN E. BROOKES**

Top tactician met defeat from McLaughlin's serve.



**WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON**

Superb competitive spirit inspired his Cup matches.



**JEAN RENÉ LACOSTE**

Defeated Johnston, Tilden for 1927 French triumph.

## TENNIS AT ITS BEST

The history of Davis Cup Challenge Round matches is one of brilliance by some of the sport's greatest performers

RETURNING from Australia in 1951, Tony Trabert told friends, "I don't care how many major tournaments you play in—the Davis Cup is in a class by itself. You, as an individual, are representing an entire nation. It's a wonderful—but terrifying sensation."

Since Dwight Filley Davis, a left-hander who won the intercollegiate title for Harvard in 1899, put the Davis Cup into international team competition in 1900, some of the world's greatest players have felt that same wonderful but terrifying sensation. They have come from 47 nations to battle for a Cup which has now traveled nearly 100,000 miles.

A history of these travels furnishes a few good rules of thumb: the nation with the greatest singles player usually wins the Cup; a nation with two great players can hardly miss; when Challenge Round rivals are evenly matched—as this year's teams appear to be—the outcome can go either way.

Norman E. Brookes and Anthony F. Wilding were the first truly dominant players in Cup history. They won for Australasia before World War I and might have gone on winning had it not been for the arrival in 1920 of "Big Bill" Tilden and "Little Bill" Johnston, who, between them, won 24 out of 26 singles matches during the next seven Challenge Rounds. But in 1927

the French struck it richer than they ever had before—or have since. René Lacoste and Henri Cochet were the best. So the Davis Cup went to Paris until Fred Perry and Bunny Austin took charge for England in the mid-'30s. Don Budge—possibly the greatest of all time—brought the Cup back to the U.S. in 1937. Since then history has repeated itself many times. The nation with the No. 1 star—whether it was America with Budge, then Riggs, Kramer, Schroeder and Gonzales, or Australia with Quist, Bromwich, Sedgman—clung to the Davis Cup. Since Sedgman turned professional, tennis has known no undisputed champion.

Experts characteristically disagree on which was the best match in history. Australia's Jack Crawford, an old Cup player himself, conceded that the first set of last year's Hoad-Trabert match "produced the greatest play I have ever seen." Walter Pate, the U.S. captain in 1937, favors that year's Inter-Zone match between Budge and Germany's Gottfried von Cramm. After Hitler's direct orders to win, the German led, first at two sets to none, then at 4-1 in the fifth set before Budge pulled it out, 8-6. "No other man, living or dead, could have beaten either man that day," says Pate.

That is the kind of tennis Davis Cup play aims to produce.



**FREDERICK J. PERRY**

He ruled the courts for England from 1933 to 1937.



**J. DONALD BUDGE**

Ended long U.S. net famine with three 1937 wins.



**GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM**

Battled Budge in one of finest matches on record.

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## A DUCK OR GOOSE FOR CHRISTMAS

Waterfowl at the year-end is a tradition worth cultivating. Herewith a flock of recipes calculated to win new respect for a great holiday fare

by HARRY HITSFORD

DRAWINGS BY GRAMES MILLER

THE wildfowler has a hard time of it. His bag limits are so low nowadays that he often wonders whether it is worth sitting in a bitter-cold marsh for the chance to shoot a few ducks or a couple of geese. If he is successful, he frequently finds that certain popular fallacies about these fowl make it difficult for him to get the birds cooked

at home or even to give them away.

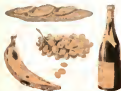
The fact is that popular ducks and geese have incomparably delicate flavors. It isn't true that all ducks are greasy, either, though often it is of birds raised for the market (they are fed well, get little exercise). But migrating wildfowl are something else again. And while it is true that a species

may be an "eating" duck in one part of the country and a "trash" duck in another, because local food conditions affect the flavor of the bird, the myth of greasiness does not apply. The gunner who follows some of the recipes on these pages will find that a duck or goose cooked imaginatively and well can be the star at any Christmas table.

### THE 35-MINUTE CANVASBACK

Clean the birds and age them for two days in a cool place. When ready, rub the ducks inside and out with salt and place breast up in a roaring-hot oven (500° or more). After 20 minutes baste with a wine sauce, then twice again with the birds' juices and basting liquid in the pan. Cook them an even 35 minutes and carve at the table. The meat will be tender and full of flavor.

Make the wine basting sauce with 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups rough red wine, a generous sprinkle of pepper. After 20 minutes, stab the ducks with a large fork so that the juices can drain into the sauce. Serve these delicious birds with fried hominy squares, baked sweet potato, cold ale and fruit for dessert.



## WILD DUCK IN THE SKILLET

Clean the bird, stuff with an onion and half a lemon, then hang for two days, after which time discard the onion and lemon and cut off the breast fillets and legs. Sauté them in a deep skillet over a high fire in 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a light dust of nutmeg. Turn and brown; sprinkle with 2 teaspoons flour. Add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup dry white wine, or water with 1 tablespoon lemon juice in it. Cook until the liquid thickens, add juice of a large lemon and 4 tablespoons consommé. Cook until juices thicken, and serve with a salad, hot corn bread, buttered asparagus.



## ROAST MALLARDS WITH SAUERKRAUT

Clean and singe birds, insert sliced onion and lemon in orifice and hang for two or three days in a cool place. The onion and lemon will remove any fishy taste from most ducks. Discard these and wash ducks inside and out in cold running water; dry thoroughly. Prepare a stuffing of sauerkraut and tart apples (in equal parts), add 1 teaspoon of celery seeds, and pepper generously. Stuff birds and truss them. Rub all over with a mixture of flour and butter. Put mallards in roasting pan and pack the surplus sauerkraut around them. Sprinkle the sauerkraut with 2 teaspoons sugar and add 1 cup water or dry white wine. Place in a 325° oven and roast until brown and tender, basting several times with the pan juices. (A fork plunged into the breast will reveal when ducks are ready.) The taste is slightly robust, the kraut companionable.



## REDHEADS EN CASSEROLE

Clean a pair of plump redhead ducks, give them the onion-lemon treatment and hang them for two or three days. Cut into serving pieces, season liberally with salt and pepper, sear in olive oil and a clove of minced garlic, then arrange pieces in a hot casserole. Add 12 small white onions, a finely diced carrot, 1 cup green peas, 1 cup shredded lettuce, 1 cup cubed raw potatoes. Salt and pepper, add 2 cups water or dry white wine, top with 4 slices of bacon. Cover, place the casserole in a 300°-325° oven, cook until tender. Serve with a salad of grapefruit and onion rings in a French dressing having grapefruit juice instead of wine vinegar.



## SHOWCASE CANVASBACKS

This is for guests who may need to be solidly converted. Rub ducks inside and out with lemon juice, salt and freshly ground pepper. Put half a peeled orange in the orifice. Roast in a 400° oven 15 minutes to the pound, basting with a mixture of lemon juice and melted butter. Melt 1 tablespoon of sugar with 1 tablespoon cider vinegar in a small skillet until the syrup caramelizes. Remove excess fat from roasting pan and stir into the juices 1 cup white stock, the juice of 2 large oranges and a small lemon, 4 tablespoons brandy. Blend and add to the caramel; cook over low heat for 10 minutes, stirring hard. Pour sauce over ducks, sprinkle with shredded parboiled orange peel.



## ROAST DUCK WITH OLIVE STUFFING

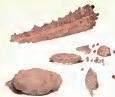
Clean, singe and give onion-lemon treatment to 2 ducks, then hang them for three days. Remove lemon and onion, wash in running cold water and dry. Stone and cut meat from 12 large ripe olives, cover them with olive oil and  $\frac{1}{4}$  clove garlic, finely minced. Over a low fire melt 4 tablespoons butter and add 3 inside stalks of celery and an onion, finely minced. Sauté until soft, remove from fire and stir in the olives,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup toasted bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons brandy or red wine. Salt and pepper to taste.

Stuff and truss birds, rub breasts with butter, sprinkle with coarse salt and freshly ground pepper. Put ducks on a rack in a roasting pan, pour over them  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red cooking wine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water. Roast 30 minutes in 450° oven (more if they're large), basting with pan juices. Put ducks on hot platter, remove trussing. Skim most of fat from pan juices, stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon cornstarch mixed to paste in cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons butter. Cook over low heat, stirring as gravy thickens. Serve with steamed wild rice, hot biscuits, sliced tomatoes and chives in mild French dressing.



continued on next page

## HUNT CLUB ROAST MALLARDS



Clean, singe and age the ducks; place each in a pan which you have formed of heavy aluminum foil. Rub the birds inside and out with salt, pepper and a pinch of rosemary. Put in a 450° oven and baste the mallards with melted butter and orange juice. Roast for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350° and keep basting at frequent intervals with pan juices. Roast for 20 minutes; then increase the heat to 450° for 15 to 20 minutes. As the mallards are served, a spoonful of the duck essence should be added to each portion.

With the ducks you will do well to serve small baked potatoes, green beans in a lemon butter sauce, a Caesar salad and hot muffins. Suggested beverage: wine or ice-cold beer, then coffee and a fruit dessert.

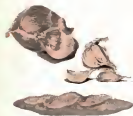
## ROAST CANADA GOOSE

A youngish bird is best; otherwise, just roast a little longer. Clean carefully, removing the oil sac at the base of the tail feathers (the so-called "pope's nose"), and wash inside and out with mild soap suds. Rinse completely in running water. Stuff with tart apple quarters, truss firmly by tying legs and wings close to body. Rub salt and pepper into the skin, place fat bacon slices over the breast. Roast the goose on a rack in a roasting pan, uncovered, in a 500° oven for 30 minutes; then reduce to 300°, cover the pan and roast 2 to 3 hours. Remove bacon strips before the final half hour. If skin isn't crisp and brown, baste by brushing with honey and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet. A fork should penetrate breast easily when the goose is tender. Remove the trussing string before the bird goes to the table.

With this incomparable dish serve baked Hubbard squash liberally buttered, Brussels sprouts in a lemon sauce, a crisp cole slaw, hot corn bread, plus a fruit-and-cheese tray for dessert. My German friends are emphatic in their belief that cold beer is the only beverage to serve with roast goose and I cannot argue. Roast goose is a Christmas tradition in Europe.



## GOOSE WITH GARLIC CREAM SAUCE



Clean the bird, stuff with raw cabbage, onion slices and lemon halves, and hang for four days; then discard stuffing and rinse in cold water. Remove the oil sac at the tail. Place in a large pot of salty water, bring to a boil, remove froth, add 4 sliced onions, 1 diced carrot, 8 peppercorns, 2 celery stalks (including leaves), a pinch of thyme and 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar. Cover and simmer gently over low heat until tender. Remove and cut into serving pieces; sauté them gently in butter until browned all over.

For a sauce, heat to boiling 4 cups milk and 15 diced cloves of garlic. Beat 5 egg yolks in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of thick cream and add gradually while stirring to the hot milk-and-garlic mixture. *Don't let the sauce boil.* Stir until sauce thickens, and salt to taste.

Arrange the pieces of goose on a platter, pour over them the butter in which they were browned, cover with the aromatic sauce, add a delicate dust of paprika and rush to the table. With this, many prefer baked yams dressed with butter, broiled tomatoes, a green salad with a simple French dressing, coffee and sherbet for dessert.

## THE ELDERLY GOOSE

An old goose may have sparked the saying: "So tough you can't stick a fork in the gravy." A good marinade will solve most of the problems a leathery goose poses. Use 2 cups red cooking wine or 1 cup water and 1 cup cider vinegar for the marinade; also 12 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 bay leaf, 3 sprigs of parsley, 2 medium-sized sliced onions, a pinch of thyme, 3 whole cloves, 2 minced cloves of garlic. Heat and pour into a large crock to cool.

When cool, add the goose cut into serving pieces, cover the crock and at the end of two days or more remove the pieces and dry them. Fry 1 cup finely diced salt pork and 1 crushed clove garlic until pork is crisp. Brown the meat on all sides in the fat and place in a hot casserole with 2 cups of chopped mushrooms.

Cover the pieces of goose with the strained marinade and cook slowly (covered) in a 325° oven until the pieces are tender. This usually takes 2 to 3 hours. The gravy should be rich and is ideal poured over wild rice. A treatment such as this would probably tenderize an owl. In the case of an elderly goose it does a masterful job and the dish is quite savory besides.



# GOLF LESSONS

## FROM

## LEADING PROS



# TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for golfers over forty  
but useful for golfers of all ages

from **GENE SARAZEN**, U.S. Open Champion 1922 and 1933

WITH this issue SI launches a new weekly feature, *Tip from the Top*, a column devoted to golf instruction. This series will be conducted each week by a guest professional, sometimes by a top professional golfer like Gene Sarazen who is known principally for his performances in competition, at other times by a top golf professional, a home-club fixture with no national standing as a player but with a reputation in his region as a sound and gifted teacher—a man like Joe Belfore of the Country Club of Detroit, for example.

The editors of SI are fairly well convinced that large doses of golf theory are hard for the average golfer to digest—particularly in written form when no pro is standing by in person to check the individual golfer's reaction to involved abstract analysis. Accordingly, the emphasis in this series will be placed on presenting a brief, practical, pictorially elaborated tip each week. There is no guarantee whatsoever that by following any or all of the tips a golfer will overnight chop seven strokes off his score or transform his old grooved lunge into mobile music. The chances are, however, that the discerning golfer will gain a great deal from this series if he practices those tips which apply to his own game. In other words, if you are a bad putter, Gene Sarazen's tip is indeed worth your examination and experimentation. If you are a good putter—leave well enough alone.

There is, of course, no one correct way to play golf. The different guest professionals will not be advocating one completely interrelated method or style. What we have asked each of them to do is to present an incisive tip which he has learned from his own experience to be of fundamental importance. In the coming weeks, Tommy Armour, perhaps the most famous (and certainly the most fiscally eminent) of all golf teachers, will discuss the yoking of the hands at the top of the backswing; Claude Harmon, lining up the grip in conjunction with the clubhead; Mike Turnesa, the relaxed address; and so on. . . . Come to think of it, there is no reason why this series shouldn't take a few strokes off your game.

**T**HE basic principle of good putting is to keep the blade of the putter square to the hole. When you talk turkey with a businessman, you must look squarely at him during the entire conversation. It's the same in putting. When you're talking turkey on the greens, the face of your putter must look squarely at the hole throughout the stroke.

Most of the time, when a golfer fails to take the putter back square to the target, the error he makes is "breaking" his wrists. This causes him to pull the putter off the line

and eventually to cut the putt off to the right or yank it to the left of the hole. To correct this habit of breaking the wrists, I suggest placing the index finger of the right hand so that it extends directly down the shaft—behind the shaft. You can't break your wrists then, and the finger also serves as a fine guide in making the stroke.

I call this the "after-40 finger," since it has been especially helpful in improving the putting of my friends who are getting along in years, but I recommend it to golfers of all ages who are erratic on the green.



The after-40 finger

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: TOMMY ARMOUR ON CHECKING THE HANDS

# FLEECY FROSTBITERS



UNDAUNED BY BITTER WEATHER, FROSTBITERS PARADE ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

Serious sailors bundle up in windproofs and fleece-lined boots and race their one-design dinghies all winter long

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

JUDGING by the pictures on this page, some sailors don't seem to know when to come off the water. It used to be that once the frost was on the pumpkin, yachtsmen north of the Mason-Dixon line tucked their boats away and waited impatiently for spring.

This all began to change more than 20 years ago when a small group of Long Island yachtsmen were debating the relative merits of two new sailing dinghies. Since the dinghies had never raced against each other, the debate was getting noisier and more fruitless by the minute, because there were no prospects of settling anything until the following spring. But someone suddenly said: "Why not drag 'em out of the garage and race right now?" This historic utterance resulted in a dinghy race on Jan. 2, 1932 at Manhasset Bay, Long Island. Nine boats and about 100 hardy sailors showed up. It was so cold and windy that a local sportswriter covering the event termed it "frostbiting," and so this out-of-season sailing has been known ever since.

## THE CUSTOM CHANGES

Frostbiting proved such good sport that the original group, augmented by many others, continued to race every weekend that winter. In the next few years, with more and more keen racing men joining in, frostbiting became in-

creasingly serious. Not satisfied with the original motley fleets of boats, frostbiters went to various name designers to get new dinghies custom-built. About their only resemblance to the original was a common length of 11½ feet and a sail area of 72 square feet. Since these new boats were all built to order, they became ridiculously expensive, so much so that they threatened to wreck the sport. To forestall this, frostbiting reverted before the war to several one-design classes and has continued to flourish ever since.



FROSTBITERS Robert Wolfe and Danny Connell come off cold and damp but happy.

Frostbiting is not confined to Long Island Sound sailors, either. Over the years, it has caught on throughout the nation. Marblehead, Chicago and various California harbors are just a few of the active centers where dinghy racing goes on all winter. Down South they're doing it, too, but under the less beguiling name of sunburn regattas.

To one who has never participated—to say nothing of non-sailors—frostbiting may appear as the lunatic fringe of yachting. Its steady growth, however, proves it has something. First and most surprising is the fact that it isn't particularly cold. Go stand on a pier or spectator boat and you will nearly freeze. But don't waste your pity for the guys and gals out sailing. They aren't freezing, not if they are veterans. They know how to dress for it—plenty of layers topped by an outer one which is waterproof and windproof, and fleece-lined boots. These little boats are so quick in their movements that the crew has to keep active all the time. Just as in skiing, the exercise keeps the sailors warm.

## NOT ONE FATALITY

Capsizing is another matter. There's not a frostbiter alive who enjoys swimming when part of the harbor is covered with ice, and few are the frostbiters who haven't had such a dunking at least once. This could be serious, too, since a swimmer can't last long in such waters, but the presence of a "crash boat," required by all experienced frostbite groups, has prevented a single known fatality in the 23 years of the sport.

Frostbiting appeals primarily to the keener sailors. Arthur Knapp, one of the most frequent frostbite winners and past world Star champion, former International One Design leader and one of the afterguard on America's Cup Defender *Kauai* in 1937, summed up his love of frostbiting as follows: "What I like best about it is the training it gives. By sailing six to eight races a day on short courses, one keeps brushed up on tactics, rules and timing. It's a wonderful school for skippers. No matter where you finish, it helps you sail your bigger boat better when summer comes." And Jack Sutphen (1954 Long Island Sound Frostbite champion) adds: "In the summer I enjoy family cruising and hence don't have time for racing. In frostbiting, I can match wits with the best skippers, at far less cost than racing in a keen summer class, and can still have the whole summer free for family cruising."

## SPORTING LOOK

# SLIMMER SWIMMERS

It takes more art than artifice to reshape what's seashape. Here are seven new ways

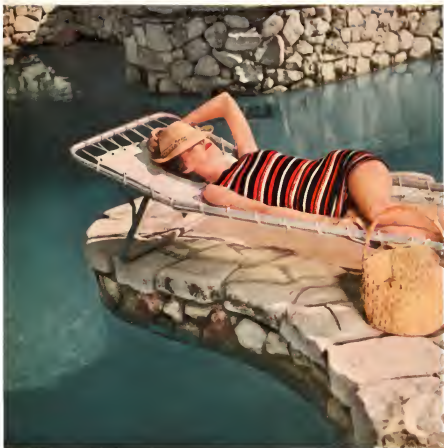
BEACHES are going to look different in 1955. The full-blown American bathing beauty, whose favorite swim suit in 1954 was a candy-striped cotton bloomer, will this year be as compressed as a long-stemmed rosebud. Bathing suit designers from New York to California, following the Paris edict against busts and hips, have contrived a number of new ways to control them. By lengthening the torso and rounding out the curves with the new knitted and lightly boned striped swim suits such designers as Carolyn Schnurer, Claire McCardell, Rose Marie Reid have changed America's goddess from a Venus to a Diana. The American male can take a look at the shape of his future on these four pages in photographs made at the Beverly Hills pool of Mr. Philip Hsley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA

Slim and tall in the California sun, Rita Aaron displays Rose Marie Reid's new striped latex bathing suit, boned from bust to hip (\$19.95).

*continued on next page*





The most advanced bathing suits seen at America's resorts this winter and next summer will be these striped knits. Two-piece wool and latex striped suit worn by Lois Langley is by Isabel Debson of Cabana (\$15). Tyrolean straw beach hat by Bill Hawes (\$8.50).





This high-top knitted suit by Claire McCardell features strategically spaced blue and red stripes (\$29.95). With it, Jimmy Mitchell wears Bill Hawes's Buster Brown beach hat (\$8.50). Striped suits and straw accessories show Riviera influence.



Even two-piece suits, due for a comeback, have a new shape. This striped knit by Tom Brigrance, worn here by model JoAnne Achle, is barest suit he ever made, has bandeau-type bra (about \$23).

*continued on next page*



Joan Bundy gets hair-drying from Ralph Davidson after swim in Carolyn Schnurer's knit suit with strap down the center back (about \$18). Davidson's Mateliot shirt is from Bill Riley's, Beverly Hills (\$6.95); his orange trunks by Jantzen (\$4.95).

Jimmy Mitchell's red wool knitted bathing suit has one shoulder strap, is from Greta Platty's Greek collection (\$19.95). JoAnne Aahle's tank-top knitted suit has striped front panel, deep V-neckline, recalls Gertrude Ederle's day. By Catalina (\$17.95).



# STRIKES, SPLITS AND SPARES

Graets and near-graets in Chicago bowling provide high scores and a few thrills for the game's TV fans

by **VICTOR KALMAN**

## CHICAGO

EVERYONE from the producer and director of the television show to the pinboys had his fingers crossed a few weeks ago when Harold Peterson, a slight, blond bowler, rolled easygoing Stanley Weglarz for the Chicago Bowling Proprietors Association match game title and a \$1,000 prize.

Peterson and Weglarz rank with the near-graets of the Classic League, but they are not of All-Star caliber. They had rolled well to reach the finals. Peterson averaged 205 and Weglarz 203. But this was in eliminations on their home lanes, with friends rooting them on. Now they were bowling for big money for the first time, on strange alleys before the DeMet Championship Bowling TV audience which is accustomed to watching the game's brightest stars each Saturday night.

## NERVOUS AND WORRIED

Producer Matt Niesen nervously paced his Faetz-Niesen alleys, pausing occasionally behind lanes No. 5 and 6 to reassure the warming-up finalists they had nothing to be nervous about. Sponsor Peter DeMet watched the large television screen in the bar and worried aloud whether the test would prove too tough for them. WNBQ's Whispering Joe Wilson whispered over the microphone as the match started: "If these young men get the shakes at first, remember it's their first trial in the big time."

But the worrying was unnecessary. Nothing, in fact, was shaken except the pins. Peterson, a member of the George London Shirts quintet, behind by 21 pins after the opening game (he rolled 235 to Weglarz's 258), came through with a 681 series to win by 17 in as thrilling a match as has been staged all season. He got strikes in the ninth and final frames of the third game to assure victory, but his big break came in the sixth frame when he barely touched the "Brooklyn" side of the headpin and scrambled the pins for a third consecutive strike.

DeMet Championship Bowling (SI, Nov. 15) is by now the most popular



"BIG STEVE" NAGY

sports program in Chicago. An official survey, released last week, showed that by mid-November it had a 16.8 rating (more than 700,000 viewers)—higher than collegiate or professional football or boxing. In Cleveland, Sam Levine's *Bowler's Jackpot* program (5-6 p.m., Sat.) was rated even with football on the day that Ohio State played Michigan. Did someone in the gallery say bowling is not a spectator sport?

As if the Peterson-Weglarz duel were not enough for one weekend, the city was treated to another great television match the following day. This was one of the Championship Bowling film series in which Steve Nagy of Cleveland scored a perfect 300 to edge out Ed Kowalics of Chicago. Popular "Big Steve," as his Hungarian followers call the 200-pound American Bowling Congress champion of 1952, hooked all 12 balls into the strike pocket but required luck's helping hand in the fifth frame. He came in slightly too high with that one, and the No. 4 and 6 pins rocked tantalizingly for a second before toppling.

Kowalics, incidentally, is Chicago's hottest bowler these days. He has rolled several 700 series and last month scored a sparkling 803 (268 average)—the highest series in five-man league competition until Ed Appelle rolled 258-268-279 (805) the other day in Detroit. Buzz Faabo, the colorful captain of the champion Stroh Beers (SI, Dec. 13), had an opportunity to register a record series on Nov. 29, when he started with 300-279 in the Cecil Ward Major Classic in Detroit, but he fell to

continued on next page



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## Mrs. Hobby Asks Citizens Help Schools



WASHINGTON, D. C. In an official statement released from the White House, Mrs. Oreta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, declares that of all our resources, none is more precious than our children.

Observing the present state of our educational system, Mrs. Hobby asserts, "In America today there is an urgent need for more teachers. There is also, in many communities, a pressing need for more schools and for the replacement of obsolete buildings."

"To meet these needs," Mrs. Hobby concludes, "may I urge that citizens everywhere join with their neighbors in P.T.A.'s and other local groups to help our local school boards in the great cause of forwarding American education. In this way we can all help in building a stronger—and better—America."



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**BOWLING** continued from page 49

223—if you call 223 falling—to wind up with 802.

Speaking of perfect games, Mickey Mariani of Lodi, N.J. must have some sort of holiday record. Back on Election Day, 1959, he chalked up his first 300 at the Hackensack (N.J.) Recreation Center. Oct. 12, Columbus Day, he bowled the second 300 of his life, again at Hackensack. Three weeks later he came through with another perfect score on the same lanes. The date? Tuesday, Nov. 2, Election Day.

## "HARD LUCK CHARLEY"

And Cleveland Attorney Charles Lausche, a star bowler for two decades, rolled the first 300 of his career only this season. Lausche, the brother of Ohio Governor Frank J. Lausche, has been known as "Hard Luck Charley" since 1939, when he competed against Lowell Jackson for the right to meet Ned Day for the U.S. championship. A 210-average bowler, Lausche needed only six pins on his spare and nine-all in the final (64th game) frame to win. Playing it "safe," he shot for the head-pin—and the ball cut through the middle of the triangle, leaving the nos. 4 and 7 pins on the left side of the lane and the Nos. 6, 9 and 10 on the right side. He failed to convert the spare and lost by four pins.

I was reminded of the incident while watching the Major League at Nagy's Twenty Grand lanes a few weeks ago. Wiry little Johnny Klares, another popular Cleveland proprietor, who with Nagy holds the all-time A.B.C. doubles record, left the same set-up, and several spectators—some too young to have been around alleys 15 years ago—shouted, "There's a Lausche split." Charles Lausche, it seems, is destined to be remembered for his failure long after the name of Jackson becomes an obscure footnote for bowling historians.

## IT'S ILLEGAL



... in Idaho for any person to participate in a dog fight.

Columnist Arthur Daley pays tribute to hustling Bill McGowan, who died last week after earning the ultimate in praise—the admission by hard-bitten ballplayers that he was the best umpire in the American League



Occasionally SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

THE ballplayers always said that Bill McGowan was the best umpire in the American League. No higher praise ever could be given an umpire and perhaps that can serve as McGowan's epitaph. He'd have liked it that way because he was as devoted to his profession as Bill Klem had been. The American League had retired the ailing McGowan earlier in the week on a handsome pension. But Bill died before he had an opportunity to enjoy it.

The proudest moment of his life was in 1948 when the American League virtually admitted that he was its best arbiter. Once upon a time World Series assignments were the supreme accolade but they are on a rotating basis now and therefore meaningless. However, the junior circuit had the first and only play-off in its history in 1948 when the Indians and Red Sox tied for the championship. It was imperative that only the best of the Men in Blue handle that game. Significant indeed was the fact that Bill McGowan was named umpire-in-chief.

Bill was always an eager beaver, a hustler. And his enthusiasm never waned during his 30 seasons in the big leagues. But that's why he was so good though his overenthusiasm twice drew him suspensions, a rarity in itself. Even then, the ballplayers never said grumpily, "Served him right." Instead they said softly, "Too bad about Willie, isn't it?"

#### IN THE MIRROR

When McGowan entered the American League in 1925, he even brought his job into the hotel room with him, so unceasing were his efforts to improve himself.

"Y're out!" Bill would bellow, jerking his thumb peremptorily in front of the mirror. Then he'd try it again with a different inflection and a different gesture, experimenting with his techniques. Pretty soon his roomie, Roy Van Graffan, was doing the same thing.

"Y're out!" Van would scream, as the two of them practiced for hours on

end. Finally a booming voice came echoing up from the hotel courtyard.

"Shut up!" howled a complaining nonsleeper. "Hey, don't you guys ever call anyone safe?"

It also was in a hotel that McGowan had one of the most soul-shattering experiences of his career. It happened



BILL MCGOWAN

when he was a young and green umpire. He'd noticed how well dressed his fellow-arbiters were and asked for an explanation. After all, umpirical salaries were stringently modest in those days.

"It's easy," one of them said. "We lead lonely lives, apart from the ballplayers. But we're constantly coming in contact with traveling salesmen. So just butter up to a few of them, entertain them a bit and you'll be able to get shirts, suits, shoes and everything you need for wholesale prices. Sometimes they'll even give you samples for free."

McGowan cased the lobby and picked on a likely prospect. He struck up a conversation with him, learned that he was a salesman and buttered him up. The stranger couldn't pick up a tab. McGowan wine and dined him, carefully avoiding even a hint of the nefarious purpose behind his hospitality.

"It's been a wonderful evening, Bill," said the stranger as they parted. "By the way," said Bill, "you never did mention what firm you're traveling for. Which one is it?"

"The Baldwin Locomotive Company," said the stranger.

McGowan's two suspensions deserve mention. The first was the outcome of an incident at home plate in a game between the Senators and Indians in Washington. Joe Paparella ruled that Eddie Stewart was out at home with the winning run and the Washington players came storming out of the dugout in violent protest.

#### NEW MAN ON JOB

Technically speaking, the call was none of McGowan's business. But Paparella was a new man on the job and Bill rushed to his rescue. But in taking the heat off his fellow worker, he set himself ablaze. Words were spoken that should never have been spoken. So McGowan was suspended to cool off. But that was why he got even more than the normal satisfaction out of being named umpire-in-chief a few months later in the play-off game. It was a vindication of sorts.

The other suspension resulted primarily from a run-in with players and then erupted in the wrong direction, toward the press box. It was a Tiger-Brown game in St. Louis and McGowan thought the Tigers were unnecessarily rough in their riding of Satchel Paige. He furiously ordered them to stop and cleared off part of the Detroit bench. The baseball writers asked for details of the still-seething McGowan.

"Tell 'em I'll write a letter," snapped His Nibs.

"We didn't know you could write," was the unnecessarily rude message he received in return.

"If you guys could write, you'd be in New York," was McGowan's final insult. The press box tenants took umbrage and filed formal protest with President Will Harridge of the American League. McGowan was suspended.

For all of that, though, he was a fine umpire. The fellows who'll miss him most will be the ballplayers who always affectionately called him "Willie."

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1—Gene Ryle 2—Photo Dept. A.P. 3—Boston, A.P. 4—Frederick A. Meyer, O. M. Ingers, Centro-Venue Photo, I.N.R. 18, 19—Ed Fisher and Jerry Greenaway 20, 21, 22, 23—Robert 24—A.P. 25—The New York Times 26—William 27—The New York Times 28—Hank Kuehn, 29—Matt Lauder, 30—Boston Globe 31—O. Arnold Newman, 32—New York Times, 33—Wide World, 34—N.Y. except top model, U.P. 35—U.P. drawing by Tony Reiser 36—Morris Rosenfeld, 37—U.P. 38—Robert Hager, 39—Roy P. Kelly, 40—Boris A. Steiner, 41—60—George S.S. E.P. 41—A.P. 42—drawing by Sella Jacobs, 43—Adrian Coles, 44—top, left O. H.A. Coles, 45—Seamus, drawing O. H.A. Coles, 46—bottom right, The Baltimore Archive

# PUREBRED AND EAGER

by JOHN BENTLEY

THE moment you push the black starter button of the Arnolt-Bristol, you are aware of sitting behind a thoroughbred engine, famed the world over in competition. It powers an intriguing sports car dreamed up by S. H. (Wacky) Arnolt of Chicago, the man who turned the supplying of accessories to gadget-minded MG owners into a booming business, and it attempts the most difficult of all compromises—that between quality and price and performance and utility. Advertised earlier this year as a car which would be available to only “100 discriminating Americans,” the Arnolt-Bristol has the immediate look and feel of a hand-made, luxury job.

Essentially, it consists of a Bristol-built Frazer-Nash-BMW-type engine mounted in a Bristol 404 chassis and clothed in a high-slung but handsome aluminum roadster body by Italian Coachbuilder Bertone of Turin. The BS (Bristol Special) Mark II power

unit is factory-tested as are few engines outside of the aircraft field. After assembly by an individual craftsman, each engine is given a 30-hour bench test followed by one hour's running under full power. It is then dismantled, checked and reassembled, after which it undergoes another half hour at maximum throttle, followed by a 250-mile road test.

This sort of care, and its glistening, curvaceous body give the car that feeling of lavish precision associated only with a truly distinctive machine. From the time I left the Park Avenue showroom of the Rootes Motors (East Coast distributors out of New York City), the Arnolt-Bristol seemed eager to implement this promise. The responsive “whoom!” of the exhaust to the least throttle movement; the surge of power as the smooth clutch takes hold; the quick, featherlight steering and accurate cornering all contribute to make every moment behind the wheel of

The Arnolt-Bristol combines the engine-building talents of a British aircraft firm with the style of an Italian designer to produce a high-quality, all-round sports car

the Arnolt-Bristol a stimulating challenge made the more agreeable by the modest gas consumption. The short wheel base tempts you into seeing how fast you can “dice” through a corner; the lively engine eggs you on to downshift, tromp the throttle and zoom through traffic gaps; the suspension (transverse front spring and rear torsion bars) is excellent on any road. With the sole exception of the Frazer-Nash Mark II (140 hp, \$7,600), the engine develops more power than any of its numerous variations in far more costly Bristol and Frazer-Nash cars.

The metallic teal-blue body on the car tested clearly bespoke high-grade craftsmanship. There were absolutely no rattles. The attractive black dial instrument panel follows aircraft practice. In addition to the usual oil pressure, fuel and ammeter gauges, a 140-mph speedometer and a 7,000-rpm tachometer, there are separate dials for oil and water temperature. Other useful features are the telescopic steering wheel and a one-shot chassis lubrication system. With top up, the trunk space thus freed is about 4½ cubic feet—enough for a couple of good-sized weekend hold-alls.



**EXTERIOR** of the Arnolt-Bristol features razor-edge fenders which are unique in open cars, but the side screens lack any provision for the driver to make hand signals.

## PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration	0—50 mph: 3.5 secs.
through gears	0—50 mph: 7.1 secs.
	0—60 mph: 9.0 secs.
(2nd gear)	30—50 mph: 3.1 secs.
Maximum speed obtained	108 mph
Maximum speed (estimated) at 5,500 rpm	113 mph
Brake test (magnadam surface): From	
30 mph:	32 ft. 1 in.
45 mph:	62 ft. 3 in.
Gas consumption (including medium traffic and all tests):	21.56 mpg
Weather:	Fair; cool, with temp. around 40°; slight wind.
Speedometer correction:	At 60 mph read 62 mph: 3.3% fast.



JUMPING HUMP-BACKED BRIDGE AT 55 MPH, ARNOLT-BRISTOL DEMONSTRATES ITS EXCELLENT HANDLING QUALITIES AT HIGH SPEEDS

But for that discriminating purist to whom the Arnolt-Bristol directs its primary appeal, certain superficial shortcomings show up on closer acquaintance. Quality is expensive in any currency, while hand-crafting adds further to the cost, even in England where labor is cheap by comparison with the U.S. Perhaps this explains why the car's fine gearbox is spoiled by a "broomstick" type of shift lever with insufficient spring tension to safeguard the driver from mistaking reverse for first gear. There are other indications that the maker's cash register suddenly sneaked up on him towards the maximum allowable total.

The brakes are very adequate but do not feature the oversize Al-Fin drums of the Bristol 404 sports coupe

specified in the news release. They belong to the older Type 403 Bristol. The explanation offered is that the "lighter" Arnolt-Bristol doesn't need these large brakes, but since it is only 84 pounds lighter, the substitution of 403 brakes looms simply as an economy measure.

On the test car, some brake adjustment appeared necessary. Violent brake application above 45 mph tended to induce a swerve. For this reason, we skipped the 60 mph test.

Gunning against the stopwatch from a standstill, this particular engine had a flat spot which added at least one second to acceleration times. It felt like overcarburetion but might be due to camshaft overlap, which also tends to affect the idling. Above 2,500 rpm in any gear, however, the Arnolt-Bristol has real verve. Even in top gear the relatively low axle ratio enables the machine to leap at the touch of the throttle. Pickup is so brisk you look again to be sure you haven't downshifted.

All of which poses something of a problem for Mr. Arnolt. The Arnolt-Bristol comes tantalizingly close to that elusive ideal—the "all-round" sports car equally suited to racing or touring. But the DeLuxe model is not quite plush enough to dampen the impact of the \$4,995 price tag. The stripped Competition model (250 pounds lighter, \$1,000 cheaper) may therefore be the enthusiast's answer.



INTERIOR is stark but has ample (22-inch) leg room, form-fitting leather seats.

#### SPECIFICATIONS

##### engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	6
Bore	2.59 in.
Stroke	3.78 in.
Displacement	129.3 cu. in.
Compression ratio	9:1
Maximum output	130 bhp@ 5,500 rpm
Bore/stroke ratio	1:1.45
Bhp per cu. in.	1.95
Valves	Overhead-pushrod
Carburetors	Three Solex Type 32-BI downdraft
Transmission	Synchromesh 4-3-2
Overall ratios	4th 8.90
	3rd 5.94
	2nd 7.12
	1st 11.40

Rear axle ratio	3.90
Piston speed @ 5,500 rpm	3,455 fpm
Maximum torque @ 5,000 rpm	128 lb.-ft.
Mph per 1,000 rpm (4th)	19.81
Weight (car tested, with 12 U.S. gallons)	2,220 lbs.
Power/weight ratio	17.07 lbs./bhp
Turning diameter	32 ft. 10 in.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	2 1/2
Tire size	5.50 x 16
Brake lining area	148 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	18.6

##### measurements

Wheel base	96 1/2 in.
Tread (Front)	51 1/2 in.
(Rear)	54 in.
Overall length	164 in.
width	68 in.
height (top up)	55 1/2 in.
Minimum ground clearance	6 1/2 in.
Rear window area	209 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	54 in.

# ONE-SHOT PAUL GETS HIS DEER

On his first day of deer hunting, with his very first shot, Paul Ward Jr. got the biggest thrill of his life

AUBURN, ME.

THE tag end of fall climaxes with big clashes of skill and stamina. There's the Army-Navy game, the Rose Bowl, and other decisive contests between giants. Less heralded—but no less climactic—is the struggle of man vs. deer. Like other traditional contests it has its occasional upsets. And it's doubtful if any bigger upset was pulled off in the woods this year than one by a 14-year-old, first-year deer hunter named Paul Ward Jr., of Auburn, Maine.

The story of his urchin triumph starts one afternoon when he came home from school and his father said: "You're going after your first deer day after tomorrow." This, to Paul, was like telling a promising young boxer that he's been offered his first bout for the title. His father is a licensed Maine guide and hunting has come down through the family from a long way back. But so far Paul had never gone after anything larger than rabbit, nor had he ever fired a rifle above the caliber of .22.

## A SECRET FEEDING GROUND

Two days later, after an early supper, Paul and his father loaded the car and took off for Flagstaff Pond, a man-made lake in Somerset County, about 60 miles away. Riding with them was a second man, Adolard Croteau, who runs a sporting goods store in Auburn. He claimed to know a secret deer feeding ground near Flagstaff Pond.

The three hunters spent the night in Mr. Croteau's camp by the lake. They set out gear early the next morning for a bivouac spot closer to the hunting ground. They started down the length of the lake in an oversized boat with an outboard motor—loaded to the gunwales with equipment.

At the far end of the lake they picked out a good place to pitch a tent, spread out a tarpaulin for a floor, and Paul built a rude but adequate fireplace. Then they ate and headed up an old, abandoned tote road.

Along the way, Paul's father showed him how to use a map and compass,

since a first-year hunter can get lost in the woods as easily as a 5-year-old in Macy's basement. The lesson over, the two men quickly saw to it that Paul *did* get lost, acting on a well-accepted hunter's theory that if you're really going to be a good huntsman you've got to learn to be all alone in the woods without getting scared stiff about it.

Left on his own, Paul found himself wandering around a hunk of Maine called Bigelow Mountain, where the occasional crack of a twig is about the only sound. Hours went by and he neither saw nor heard a trace of the two men. Finally, following the compass only, he broke through brush and bramble until he came in sight of the lake, about 50 feet from the tent. He still saw no deer, though he did see the pontooned Piper Cub of the modern Maine game warden circling overhead, looking for a reasonably calm place on the water to land and check licenses. The warden found none and flew on.

The men came back and they and Paul ate and compared notes. Then, about 4 p.m., all three set out once more. They trudged, presently, up a long, steep knoll. When they reached the summit, they found a nice gap in the shrubbery through which they could peer. Before their eyes, at last, was the firewarden's secret place: an open field, except for scattered hedgerows and low evergreen trees, full of soft grass and moss that deer dearly love to munch on.

And sure enough, about 150 yards away, two beauties were munching—a buck and a doe. Paul knew, when he took his first quick look, that this was a thrill he'd never feel again in quite the same way as on this first time.

Paul's father planned to get his deer first, with Paul shooting later. He fired twice at the buck and missed both times. Usually he can shatter a teacup



**HAPPY HUNTSMAN** puts his prize. Before leaving on the hunt, Paul made a promise to his mother: "I'll bring you home 100 pounds of meat." To her surprise, he did.

at no small distance, but he was panting and heaving from the climb up the steep knoll. The buck turned and cut out for the nearby woods. The doe calmly remained.

Paul's father fired again, this time at the doe. He missed again and at long last the doe realized something dangerous was up. She lit out for the woods.

## AT THE RUNNING DOE'S NECK

Paul had watched long enough. He swung his rifle, borrowed from his brother who was away at Navy boot camp, to his shoulder. It was a .30 Winchester, not nearly as powerful as his father's .270 Remington. Not thinking about recoil, acting as though it were the familiar .22, he aimed for the running doe's neck. But his eye didn't follow the flight and he hit the deer broadside.

The deer staggered but kept running. When they reached the fringe of the woods, Paul and the two men beat through the underbrush in search of the wounded doe. Paul found it first. He turned and yelled at the two men: "Here it is! Here it is!"

So that's the story of Paul Ward's first deer. The dull statistics of it read: Number of deer ever aimed at—one. Distance of deer when sighted in—150 yards. Final score—one 125-pound doe bagged and officially tagged. Time taken to perform the feat—two-thirds of his first day out. Shades of Frank Merriwell and the Rover Boys!

—DUANE DECKER





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# INNOCENTS ABROAD

A distinguished amateur skier examines the position of the U.S. in international ski councils, and finds that lack of experience and frequent shifting of officers are costing the country more than a fair measure of prestige

by ROLAND PALMEDO



PALMEDO

AMONG the skiing nations of the world, the U.S. now ranks very near the top in number of skiers, number of ski clubs, and in enthusiasm. But its influence in the world councils, and its control of the sport has never reached a comparable level. Now, with an Olympic year ahead, the U.S. again finds its diplomatic position disproportionately weak in the field of international skiing.

This is not the fault of the individual representatives. The trouble stems partly from the rapid turnover in the National Ski Association, and partly from a philosophy developed long ago by certain European ski authorities.

The governing body of international skiing is the FIS (Federation Internationale de Ski), to which the national ski associations of 36 countries belong. The biennial races of the FIS rate as world championships, and the FIS amateur code and rules of competition are the international standards. But the FIS, unfortunately, holds to the paradoxical rule that a professional ski instructor is a competitive amateur.

This whole idea is contrary to the American conception—by which anyone earning his livelihood in a sport is *ipso facto* a professional—and to Olympic ideals. However, during the '20s and '30s when these principles were taking hold in the FIS, the National Ski Association was only a quiescent member, and after World War II began, the U.S. formally resigned.

Immediately after the war, there was a great resurgence of skiing in America, and almost overnight, the U.S. became a skiing nation of international importance. This was the time—before rejoining the FIS—that the U.S. had its chance to come in with amateur principles intact. Russia was not yet a member; and the FIS's European mainstays were eager to have the U.S. back in the federation. But the U.S., for lack of men who were wise

in the ways of international ski diplomacy, did not realize its strength.

We went back, but set no conditions whatever upon re-entry—not even on the recognition of the amateur code as understood by Americans, alongside the amateur code of Central Europe.

By contrast, Russia, when applying for membership in 1949, insisted on Russian being made one of the official languages, on having a place in the Council (central policy-making body of the FIS) and on the expulsion of Spain. The U.S.S.R. had never before been a member of the FIS, had no top-notch competitors and, for that matter, no real basis for its demands. Nevertheless, through sheer insistence, Russia gained its first two objectives.

Clearly, something must be done to correct this kind of diplomatic unbalance. And we can begin by making one important change within our own National Ski Association. An NSA president is elected for one year. It is customary to re-elect a man for an extra term, so actual incumbency amounts to two years. Each new administration sets up its own FIS delegation, retaining perhaps one man but generally replacing most of the delegates. The new men, like many of the past representatives, may be able individuals

with a solid background in American skiing; but they are almost always handicapped by inability to speak or understand European languages, and their brief immersion in the international councils does not give them the understanding of the various national attitudes, the intimate personal contacts, and that fine sense of the proportion of strength to objectives which all experienced diplomats should have.

## OLD-WORLD DIPLOMAT

Count Aldo Bonaccosa, who has been Italy's representative on the Council for many years, is an example of the perfect old-world ski diplomat. He has an intimate knowledge of skiing and mountaineering, and is respected for that. In addition, his long experience in the FIS has given him an understanding of, let us say, the attitude of the French in certain matters, or how the Austrians would probably react to a policy proposed by the Norwegians. In brief, when he wants to accomplish something for Italy, he knows how to bargain.

Other European countries have men of like caliber—Dr. Lorenz of Austria, Björn Kjellström of Sweden, Einar Berglund of Norway, and Marc Hodler of Switzerland, who is the current FIS president. These are some of the men who form the policies in international skiing. Only by developing men like them can the U.S. exercise its proper influence in the ski world.

To accomplish this, the National Ski Association must allow its FIS representatives sufficient tenure in their posts. A man needs at least four or five years to learn the climate of the FIS. Only then will he have the knowledge and judgment to deal with his foreign colleagues; and only then can the proper balance of power be restored and, hopefully, the American traditions of amateur sport be properly recognized in international skiing.



"Shoo—Fore—Timber!"

## RECOGNITION

● **Larry (Yogi) Berra**, New York Yankees' catcher, won American League's Most Valuable Player award for second time. Berra hit .307 and 22 homers, batted in 125 runs, nosed out Cleveland's Larry Doby and Bobby Avila. ● **Heary (Red) Sanders** of unbeaten UCLA was elected Coach of the Year by members of American Football Coaches Association. Runners-up: Woodrow (Woody) Hayes of Ohio State; Bowen Wyatt of Arkansas. ● **Navy** won August V. Lambert Memorial Trophy as East's top team. ● **Carl (Boo) Olson**,

world middleweight champion, was chosen Fighter of the Year and winner of Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque. ● **Frankie Ryan**, unbeaten New York lightweight, was voted **Rockie of the Year**. ● **Lt. Stanley R. Swanson** of U.S. Air Force, former Navy star, was named outstanding college lacrosse defense player for 1954 and winner of William G. Schneider Trophy by U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association. ● **Scott Frost**, winter book favorite for 1955 Hambletonian, was selected champion two-year-old colt by U.S. Trotting Association.

## RECORD BREAKERS

**Lafayette, Ind.** Swim Club's **Valerie Delaney**, Coralie O'Connor, Anne Wardwell, Beth Wittall broke own world mark for 400-yard medley relay with 4:40.9 clocking.

## FOOTBALL

**Cleveland Browns** clobbered Pittsburgh Steelers 42-7, became first to win five straight Eastern Division titles in National Football League, earned right to face Detroit Lions, Western Division champs, in play-off at Cleveland, Dec. 26. Quarterbacks **Otto Graham** and **George Ratterman**, Halfback **Chet Hanauk**, who scored three touchdowns, sparked Brown attack.

**Philadelphia Eagles** took second place in Eastern Division, beating New York Giants 29-14. **Adrian Burk** tossed two touchdowns passes for winners.

**Washington Redskins** escaped cellar, blasting Chicago Cardinals 37-29 on four scoring passes by **Al Dorow**.

**Chicago Bears** upset Detroit Lions 28-24 to finish second. Passing of Quarterbacks **Zeké Bratkowski** and **Ed Brown** featured Bears offense. **Tom Dahlski**, subbing for injured **Bobby Layne**, heaved three touchdowns passes for Lions.

**Los Angeles Rams** gave retiring **Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch** farewell present, defeated Green Bay Packers 35-27. Ram fans presented Hirsch and Captain **Don Paul** with new automobiles, other gifts. Following game, Los Angeles Assistant Coaches **Ralph Weaver**, **Howard Hickey**, **Bill Battles**, Dick Voris announced resignations, ending reported feud with Coach **Hampton Pool**.

**San Francisco 49ers** edged Baltimore Colts 10-7 on third-quarter score by Fullback **Joe Perry**, then Fred Coach **Buck Shaw**, despite 7-4-1 record.

**Hinds Junior College** of Raymond, Miss., unleashed Halfback **Olvin Reardon** for scoring runs of 51 and 64 yards to edge El Camino 13-7 in Junior Rose Bowl game before 61,559 at Pasadena, Cal.

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church** of Denver won pre-war honors in Mills Bowl at Knoxville, Tex., outscoring St. Luke's Methodist Church of Houston 15-0.

**John D. McMillan** of The Citadel became latest college coach to be fired, was replaced by Army's **John Sauer**. Other changes:

**Clyde Lee** of Houston resigned after seven years and 5-5 record in 1954.

**Ed Kluska** of Xavier (Cincinnati) resigned because of "limited manpower and rugged schedules." Kluska coached Xavier eight years, had 2-8 1954 record.

## BASKETBALL

**George Washington** pulled major upset, beating Duquesne 71-64 in Steel Bowl final at Pittsburgh. **Joe Holup's** 26 points led winners, who crushed Pitt 87-65 in first round. Duquesne's **Dick Hicketts** scored 38 points but Dukes, 67-45 victor over Fordham in opener, missed **Si Green**, in hospital with appendicitis.

**La Salle** had close call but nipped Niagara 76-75 in overtime on **Bob Napier's** late basket for fourth straight. All-America **Tom Gola** scored 31 points, trailed Niagara's **Eddie Fleming**, who got 32.

**St. John's** flashed potent offense, blasted favored Holy Cross 83-73, with **Marty Satalino** and **Ed Cunningham** leading attack. Holy Cross's **Tom Heinsohn** tallied 30 points but got little help.

**Missouri** led most of way, beat Iowa 97-94 for second victory over Big Ten school. Tigers also edged Indiana 64-61.

**Indiana**, paced by **Don (Ox) Schlund's** 19 points, halted Notre Dame 73-70, snapped 20-game home winning streak of Irish in nationally televised game. **Jark Sepeha** hit 32 points for Notre Dame.

**Kentucky** got bad score but nosed out Xavier (Cincinnati) 73-69 for 27th straight. Three points by **Phil Grawmeyer** and **Gerry Calvert** in final seconds clinched game.

**North Carolina State**, with **Cliff Dwyer** and **Ronnie Shavlik** showing way, extended unbeaten string to five, beating Wake Forest 100-81, highly regarded Penn State 99-77, Eastern Kentucky 66-53.

**Wake Forest's** **Dickie Henric** scored 49 points, set four records in team's 100-90 win over Virginia. Deacons beat Maryland 62-58, lost to North Carolina State 100-81.

**UCLA**, top contender for Pacific Coast Conference crown, kept slate clean with wins over Santa Clara, 74-39, and San Francisco, 47-40.

## BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Votant of the Associated Press writers poll)  
Team standings this week, with points figured on a 10-0-0-7-0-3-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1-La Salle (54)	667
2-Kentucky (52)	609
3-Illinois (40)	381
4-North Carolina State (30)	354
5-Dayton	324
6-Missouri (27)	295
7-Indiana (10)	238
8-UCLA	206
9-Duquesne	205
10-Niagara	174

REMOVED-UP: 11, George Washington 162; 12, Louisville (1); 13, Iowa 228; 14, Ohio State 109; 15, Utah 398.

**Fl. Wayne Pistons** outlasted Boston Celtics 100-99 for 19th win in last 11 games, held lead over Minneapolis Lakers in Western Division of National Basketball Association.

**Syracuse Nationals** continued at top of Eastern Division, despite losses to Rochester Royals, Boston Celtics and Philadelphia Warriors, who took two out of four to remain second.

## BOXING

**Vince Martines**, fifth-ranking welterweight from Paterson, N.J., in first fight since reporting \$20,000 bribe attempt (SL, Nov. 22) used rapierlike left, superior boxing to easily outpoint Al Andrews of Superior, Wis. in 10-rounder at New York, set sights on title bout with **Johnny Saxton**.

**Sandy Saddler**, 31-year-old featherweight champion, was behind in early rounds but came on to outpunch Bobby Woods, local lightweight, in scintilla go at Spokane. Experienced Saddler torred fight, staggered Woods in 8th and 10th rounds.

**Nino Valdes** of Cuba, No. 1 heavyweight contender, floored Jimmy Walls of Englewood, N.J. twice, scored 2nd-round TKO at Hamilton, Bermuda.

**Ed Sanders**, 25, promising Navy heavyweight, and **Ralph Weiser**, 26, Klamath Falls, Ore. lightweight, died after suffering knockouts in bouts. Sanders, Olympic champion in 1952, was KO'd in 11th round by Willie James at Boston; Weiser was knocked out by **Teddy Hall** in 9th round at Klamath Falls after passing up chance for first-round win when Hall was floored, remained on one knee at count of 10. Weiser urged referee to permit fight to continue.

## TRACK AND FIELD

**Dr. Roger Bannister**, first man to crack four-minute-mile barrier, announced retirement at London, predicted eventual 3:50 clocking. Bannister ran mile in 3:59.4 last May 6 before John Landy set present world record of 3:58. Bannister beat Landy in thrilling 3:58.8 race in Empire Games at Vancouver.

## HOCKEY

**Detroit Red Wings** took three games from New York Rangers and Chicago Black Hawks to the slumping Toronto Maple Leafs for second place in National Hockey League. Montreal Canadiens won only one game but still led circuit by four points.

## HORSE RACING

**Determina**, Andrew Crevolin's little gray colt with big heart, came from behind to score three-and-half-length victory in \$25,000 Golden Gate Handicap at Golden Gate

continued on next page

**Fields, Albany, Cal.** Determine's win was worth \$15,300, gave son of Alibhai U.S. money-winning championship for 1954 with \$328,880.

Newmarket bloodstock sales set new British mark of \$3,783,939, including world-record auction prices of \$145,840 by England's Anthony B. Askew for *Feetoss*, three-year-old mare, and \$79,380 by Hark Rosa of U.S. for *Feetless Light*, two-year-old maiden filly.

Little Masterpiece, world champion American Shetland pony, was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Don Vestal of Denver for record-breaking \$25,000 at Memphis, Tenn.

## BASEBALL

**Chicago White Sox** made second big trade of winter meetings, sending First Baseman Ferris Fain, American League batting champion in 1951-52 with Philadelphia Athletics, Third Baseman Jack Phillips, Pitcher Leo Cristante to Detroit Tigers for First Baseman Walt Dropo, Outfielder Bob Nieman, Pitcher Ted Gray.

St. Louis Cardinals and Cincinnati Redlegs also were active in player mart, Cards getting Relief Pitcher Frank Smith in exchange for Third Baseman Ray Jaramski, veteran Pitcher Gerry Staley, unnamed minor leaguer.

## TENNIS

**Gilbert Shera** of Los Angeles trounced Eddie Moylan of Trenton, N.J. 6-1, 6-4, 6-4 to win national hard-court singles title at La Jolla, Cal. Women's crown went to Beverly Baker Fleita of Long Beach, Cal., 6-1, 6-3 victor over Barbara Green.

## GOLF

**Bob Rosburg**, young (28) San Francisco pro making first PGA tour, fired sparkling 65 on final round to win \$10,000 Miami Open

## AUTO RACING

**Masien Gregory**, 33-year-old Kansas City daredevil, outduelled Marquis de Portago of Spain, won 210-mile Nassau trophy race.

## MILEPOSTS

**DIED**—**Bruce Thompson**, 21, Lehigh University junior who set school basketball scoring record of 358 points last year; of bullbar polo, at Bethlehem, Pa.

**DIED—** Johnny Greco, 31, former Canadian welterweight champion who recently began comeback; in auto crash, at Westmount, Que. Greco won 92, lost 13 in 14 years.

**DIED**—Russ Christopher, 37, former major league pitcher with Philadelphia Athletics (1942-48); of heart condition, at Richmond, Cal.

**DIED**—William Aloysius McGowan, 58, hustling American League umpire for 30 years, recently retired; of heart attack, at Silver Spring, Md. Regarded as one of greatest umpires, McGowan worked 2,541 consecutive games from 1915 to 1942.

**DIED**—George A. Reach, 86, sporting goods manufacturer credited with introducing lively ball to baseball for first time in 1910 World Series at Philadelphia.

#### HOW THE PROFESSIONALS FARED LAST WEEK

## NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

EASTERN DIVISION				WESTERN DIVISION			
1 Syracuse	Phila.	Rock.	Bost.	1 St. Wayne	Mpls.	Bost.	
W 14 L 3	68-81	70-109	120-107	W 18 L 5	101-85	100-99	
Pct. .409	57-56		50-34	Pct. .703	93-88		
2 New York	Phila.	N. Y.		2 Minneapolis	Bost.	Rock.	
W 10 L 3	81-68	86-77		W 13 L 4	95-87	104-99	91-83
Pct. .563	96-87	96-58		Pct. .618	80-73		
3 New York	Mpls.	Phila.		3 Rochester	Bost.	St. Wayne	
W 12 L 2	81-68	71-88		W 7 L 13	95-95	95-76	85-51
Pct. .528	73-66	96-96		Pct. .390			74-85
4 Boston	Rock.	Rock.	St. Wayne	4 Minneapolis	St. Wayne	Bost.	
W 12 L 1	95-93	99-100	97-89	W 5 L 17	85-108	87-87	86-74
Pct. .569			94-90				

## NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE

1. Montreal W 12, L-9, T-5 Pts 35	Toronto 1-2, 3-0 0-1, 2-2	Boston W 12, L-11, T-6 Pts 36	Chicago 3-0, 1-2	Montreal 2-0, 1-2	
2. Toronto W 14, L-8, T-7 Pts 36	Montreal 3-4, 0-2 1-2	New York 1-1	Chicago W-4, L-15, T-6 Pts 32	Detroit 2-1, 1-4 1-1	Toronto 1-1
3. Detroit W 12, L-10, T-8 Pts 35	New York 3-2, 4-1 4-3	Chicago W 12, L-10, T-8 Pts 35	New York 1-1	Toronto 1-1	Detroit 1-1

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN DIVISION			
1. Cleveland W-9, L-1, T-0 Pts. 312	Pittsburgh 49-7	3. New York W-7, L-5, T-0 Pts. 383	Philadelphia 14-29
2. Philadelphia W-7, L-4, T-1 Pts. 436	New York 59-14	4. Pittsburgh W-5, L-6, T-0 Pts. 417	5. Washington W-3, L-1, T-0 Pts. 250
			6. Chicago Cards W-2, L-6, T-0 Pts. 187
			Washington 23-37
WESTERN DIVISION			
1. Detroit W-9, L-1, T-1 Pts. 390	Chicago Bears 24-38	3. San Francisco W-7, L-4, T-1 Pts. 436	4. Los Angeles W-7, L-5, T-1 Pts. 348
2. Chicago Bears W-8, L-4, T-0 Pts. 384	San Francisco 38-34	5. Dallas 25-37	6. Green Bay W-4, L-4, T-0 Pts. 335
			7. Baltimore W-3, L-5, T-0 Pts. 280
			San Francisco 3-10

#### OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

**BADMINTON**  
E. B. Choong, *Malaya, over R. A. Nuaib, 25-22, 15-20, London Championships, London.*

## BASKETBALL

Headline 27-1 Iowa St. 87	Ohio St. 30-31 Loyola 86
Headline 27-2 Yale 61	Ohio St. 95-Ohio West 78
Headline 28-1 Georgetown 87	Penn St. 31-Michigan 86
Headline 28-2 Colby 86	Penn St. 31-Ohio 86
Headline 29-1 Columbia 86-CNNY 86	Penn St. 71-Indiana 86
Headline 29-2 Cornell 86-Rutland 86	Penn State 12-Buffalo 76
Headline 30-1 Brown 86	Penn State 31-Ohio 86
Headline 30-2 Georgia 96-Mary 85	Rice 79-LSU 72
Headline 31-1 Georgia 73-2, Penn St. 87	Rochester 86-Brockton 86
Headline 31-2 Penn St. 87	Rochester 86-Brockton 86
Headline 32-1 Missouri 86	S. Carolina 86-Georgia 86
Headline 32-2 Missouri 86-Memphis 86	S. John's 83-N. Calif. 73
Headline 33-1 Michigan 86	Tenn. 87-Indiana 86
Headline 33-2 Michigan 86	Tenn. 87-Indiana 86
Headline 34-1 Penn State 86	S. Cal 55-Oranga 30 86
Headline 34-2 Penn State 86	Tennessee 86-Mary 85
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Headline 50-1 Penn State 86	Tenn. 87-Indiana 86
Headline 50-2 Penn State 86	Tenn. 87-Indiana 86

**BOXING**  
**REX LAYNE** and **HEINZ NEHAUS**, 10-round draw, heavyweight, Springfield, Germany.  
**HAROLD JOHNSON**, 10-round decision over **Julio Madron**, light heavyweight, Miami Beach.  
**YOLANDE POMPEY**, 3-round KO over **Wes Sneek**, light heavyweight, London.

[illegible]

**MAZZARENO GIANNELLI, 4-stud TBO cym** Jake Tobi, Brevard Co., Florida

**COURT TIDINGS**  
LONG ISLAND, over New York, 3-0, Payne Whitney Memorial doubles 1994, Manhattan, N.Y.

**DOG SHOWS**  
CH. WEYCROFT WYLBROD OF CLAIREDALE, best-in-show, Camden County Kennel Club, Camden, N.J.  
CH. TAYLOR'S DAWN KNIGHT, best-in-show, Kennel Club of Philadelphia

**FIELD TRIALS**  
DOUGLAS RACHEL, U.S. Open Foxhunting Field Trial, New Albany, Miss.  
SHAWY HILD GLENFIRE, 1941 another special field trial, Chesham, Ill.

**HORSE RACING**  
**WELMINTHOS**, \$8,725 Ponce de Leon Handicap, 1 1/8 m.,  
 by a nose, in 1:44 2/5, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.  
 Chris. Rogers up  
**TWO FISTED**, \$5,080 Lake Providence Handicap, 11/16  
 m., in 1:44 1/5, Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La.

**BUDGET**  
CAMBODIAN, 1999, Revised, 3.0, latest available, Budget

**SÖCCER**  
SAN FRANCISCO, over California, 3-1, California college  
514, Los Angeles)

**SQUASH RACQUETS**  
JANET MORGAN, England, over Mrs. Ruth Turner, 9-5.  
9-3, 9-4, British women's 100, London

BRUCE HUTCHINSON, Springfield College, New England  
or AAU 1,500-meter freestyle champion, at 19:45.4  
Cape Cod, Massachusetts, USA

JOHNNY LEACH, England, was 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 699th, 700th, 701st, 702nd, 703rd, 704th, 705th, 706th, 707th, 708th, 709th, 710th, 711st, 712th,

**TENNIS**  
**ROBRY PEREZ** and **BILL CROSBY**, Los Angeles, over Gilbert Shue and Jacques Giguay, 5-7, 6-2, 6-3, 6-2 men's and hard-court doubles title, La Jolla, Calif.  
**DARLENE HARD** and **DOROTHY CHENEY**, Los Angeles, over Pat Todd and Mary Farnbo, 5-7, 7-5, 6-0, women's soft hard-court doubles title, La Jolla, Calif.

# COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

December 17 through 26

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

Birmingham Cassis, Birmingham, Ala.: Alabama vs. Texas; W. Virginia vs. Wake Forest.  
Blue-Gray Tournament, Montgomery, Ala.: Wash. & Lee vs. Auburn, Miami vs. Tennessee.  
Pennsylvania vs. Iowa, Princeton vs. Michigan State, Pastralia, Philadelphia.  
Columbia vs. Navy, New York.  
Kansas vs. Rice, Lawrence, Kan.  
Louisville vs. Coll. of Pac., Louisville, Ky.  
Penn State vs. Gettysburg, State College, Pa.  
Seton Hall vs. Wm. & Mary, S. Orange, N.J.  
Tulsa vs. Texas A & M, Tulsa, Okla.  
UCLA vs. Santa Clara, Los Angeles.

### Boxing

● Bob Baker vs. Coley Wallace, heavyweights.  
● Mad Sq. Garden, N.Y. (30 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

### Football

Cyber Bowl, Tampa, Fla.: Univ. of Tampa (7-2-0) vs. Morris Harvey (8-1-0) (N)

### Tennis

U.S. vs. Sweden, Davis Cup Inter-Zone final, Brisbane, Australia

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18

### Baseball

Asian championships begin, Manila, Japan, S. Korea, Formosa, Philippines entered

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

● Northwestern vs. Tulane, Evanston, Ill., 2 p.m. (CBS)  
N.F.U. vs. Pittsburgh; La Salle vs. Utah, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.  
Iowa vs. Princeton, Michigan State vs. Pennsylvania, Pastralia, Philadelphia.  
St. Bonaventure vs. Villanova, Caracas vs. Xavier (D.), Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.  
N.A.I.A. tournament final, Kansas City.  
Cincinnati vs. Indiana, Cincinnati.  
Dayton vs. Coll. of Pac., Dayton, D.  
Fordham vs. Yale, New York.  
Kansas vs. Rice, Lawrence, Kan.  
Kentucky vs. Temple, Lexington, Ky.  
N. Carolina vs. Maryland, Chapel Hill, N.C.  
N. Carolina State vs. Texas Tech, Raleigh, N.C.  
Oklahoma vs. Ohio State, Norman, Okla.  
Oklahoma A & M vs. Minnesota, Stillwater, Okla.  
Penn State vs. Rutgers, State College, Pa.  
Toledo vs. Niagara, Toledo, D.  
UCLA vs. San Francisco, Los Angeles (Postseason)

Boston Celtics vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Boston, 8:30 p.m.

● Milwaukee Hawks vs. N.Y. Knickerbockers, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. (NBC)  
Minnesota Lakers vs. Syracuse Nationals, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Rochester Royals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

### Hockey

Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, Chicago.  
Detroit Red Wings vs. Boston Bruins, Detroit.  
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, Toronto.

### Horse Racing

Golden Gate Futurity, \$15,000, 3 m., 2-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.

### Softball

Pacific Coast drifly championships, Balboa, Calif.

### Shooting

Preseason cross-country open, Cannon Mt., Franconia, N.H.

### Squash Racquets

Atwater Intl. Open tournament, Montreal.

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19

### Auto Racing

Catalunya 12-hr. race, Morocco

### Baseball

Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Rochester Royals vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 1:15 p.m., N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Boston Celtics, 3:30 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.  
Syracuse Nationals vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

### Dog Shows

Worcester Kennel Club, Memorial Auditorium, Worcester, Mass.

### Football

● Cleveland Browns vs. Detroit Lions, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (DuMont)  
Pomona Bowl, San Diego, Calif.: Ft. Sill, Okla. (11-0-0) vs. Bowling Air Force Base (9-0-1).  
Washington, D.C.  
Lettuce Bowl, Salinas, Calif.: Ft. D.D. (9-1-1) vs. San Diego Marines (9-3-0)

### Hockey

Chicago Black Hawks vs. Boston Bruins, Chicago.  
Detroit Red Wings vs. Montreal Canadiens, Detroit.  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, New York.

### Shooting

Target Tackle Memorial jumping tournament, Bear Mountain, N.Y.  
Preseason men's giant slalom, Cannon Mt., Franconia, N.H.  
Arnold Arnold Lunn downhill race, Timberline Lodge, Ore.

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 20

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

All-College Tourney, Municipal Auditorium, Oklahoma City.  
Wichita vs. San Francisco; Oklahoma City vs. Houston; Tulsa vs. Wyoming; Oklahoma A & M vs. Geo. Washington.  
Alabama vs. Nebraska, Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Duquesne vs. St. Francis, Pittsburgh.  
Pittsburgh vs. Duke, Pittsburgh.

### Boxing

● Jimmy Martinez vs. Gerald Dwyer, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (30 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)  
● Walter Cartier vs. Ted Diba, middleweights, Eastern Play, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)  
Leo Espinoza vs. Pierre Cossemey, for Drent bantamweight title, Manila (12 rds.)  
Bonnie Espinoza vs. Joseph Jaassens, for Drent lightweight title, Manila (12 rds.)

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

Bowl of Kentucky Invitational tournament, Lexington, Ky.: Kentucky vs. Utah, La Salle vs. S. California.  
St. John's vs. N. Carolina State, Manhattan vs. Connecticut, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.  
Colby vs. Massachusetts; Holy Cross vs. Boston College, Boston Garden.  
Dayton vs. Drexel, Dayton, D.  
Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia.  
UCLA vs. Colorado, Los Angeles.

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

California vs. Ohio State, Berkeley, Calif.  
Loyola vs. Illinois, New Orleans.  
Michigan State vs. De Paul, E. Lansing, Mich.

\*See local TV listing

### Boxing

● Marty Marshall vs. Harold Johnson, light heavyweights, Olympia Stadium, Detroit (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)  
Lula Perez vs. Oso Mirasen, featherweights, Havana (10 rds.)

### Hockey

N.Y. Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, New York.

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23

### Baseball

(Leading college games)

Minnesota vs. Notre Dame, Minneapolis.  
Tulane vs. Stanford, New Orleans.  
W. Kentucky vs. Coll. of Pac., Bowling Green, Ky. (Postseason)  
Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Huntington, Ind., 7:30 p.m. C.S.T.

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25

### Baseball

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Boston Celtics, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Minneapolis Lakers vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Syracuse Nationals, New York, 9 p.m.  
Rochester Royals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

### Football

● Blue-Gray All-Star game, Montgomery, Ala., 7:45 p.m. (NBC-TV); Mutual radio, North vs. South, All-Star game, Miami (N)

### Hockey

Boston Bruins vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Boston.  
Montreal Canadiens vs. N.Y. Rangers, Montreal.  
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Detroit Red Wings, Toronto.

### Horse Racing

Christmas Handicap, \$10,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.

### Tennis

Orange Bowl jr. championships, Miami Beach.

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26

### Baseball

Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Minnesota Lakers vs. Boston Celtics, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T.  
Syracuse Nationals vs. Rochester Royals, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

### Football

● Cleveland Browns vs. Detroit Lions, for Natl. Football League title, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (DuMont-TV); Mutual radio, Men to watch: Cleveland's Otto Graham (14) and Detroit's Bobby Layne (22).

### Hockey

Detroit Red Wings vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit.  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, New York.

### Horse Racing

Orange Bowl regatta, Miami.

### Padding

Diamond Head padding championships, Waikiki Beach, Hawaii.

### Tennis

Florida State public courts championships, Jacksonville, Fla.

## SNOW PATROL

OO=own snow; GR=granular; PO=powder;  
IC=icy condition; HP=hard-packed snow; W=  
wet; HB=hard base; SB=soft base; NS=new  
snow; BC=breakable crust; BS=bare spots;  
CL=trail or slope closed; DC=dangerous con-  
dition; UC=unbreakable crust.

NUMERALS REPRESENT INCHES OF SNOW

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

Conditions improved across the nation this week as more snow came in. Especially in the Northwest. But generally, the northern Rockies, the Northwest and the Midwest are having a late winter. Best skiing to date has been in Vermont, northern California and Utah

**NEW ENGLAND:** STOWE, VT.: Formal opening Dec. 18 will mark debut of new double chair on Spruce Peak, 4 PO on 15-25 HB with most expected. Skiing to date on T-bar trails has been good-excellent.

**MAD RIVER GLEN, VT.:** 4 PO on 10-20 HB, good so far. Full area operation commences Dec. 18 with only moderate crowds expected. Christmas-New Year's reservations available.

**POC BOSQUE, VT.:** Unusual early-season conditions, meaning excellent skiing—continue here. Under 1 PO on 10-20 HB and sub-freezing temps. Lift-line waiting time only 5-10 minutes last Sunday despite crowd of 1,700. Regular daily operation begins Dec. 18.

**NORTH CONWAY, N.H.:** More snow would be a big help. 3-5 frozen GR, good on upper area but fair-to-no-skiing on lower. Daytime temps. around freezing or below.

**PANCONIA, N.H.:** Daily operation starts Dec. 18. 3 PO on 4-27, good. Giant slalom and cross-country this weekend opens eastern competitive schedule.

**JIMMY PEAK, N.H.:** Rain settled 6 HB but a substantial snowfall is needed to open the area. Outlook was for light snow or light rain.

**NEW YORK:** BELLEVILLE: Fair-good on lower but you have to pick your way over upper trails due to this cover. 1 packed PO on 1-6. There were 2,300 on hand last Sunday. Temps. just below freezing.

**WATERFACE MT.:** Area has done fine early-season business with 2 PO on 5 HP. Fair-good on lower T-bar areas. Temps. in 20s and roads are clear.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** LIDGEMORE: 2-15 drifted PO on 1-6, good. All towns operating, with crowds light so far.

**QUEBEC:** LAC BEAUPORT: 5 PO with 13 total, good skiing. Lowering temperatures and light snowfalls anticipated. Big moment coming up in selection of Winter Carnival Queens.

**MONT TREMBLANT:** Only North Shore chair lift operating and it's rough going down the Ruisseau Schuss. Other trails CL. 2-3 NS on 13-16, with temps. way down, 2 to 13 above. More snow is badly needed.

**MIDWEST:** BOYNE MT.: Area is still shuttered. Stein Knudsen, Norway's Olympic champion here as an instructor, is among those hoping for snow. Official opening is now Dec. 26.

**RIS MT., WIS.:** Fair-good on slopes, with only one trail open. 4 unskilled PO on no base.

**TERREY PEAK, SO. DAK.:** Barren-like weather conditions. 1 HB with 20 and no snow anticipated. Opening may be delayed until Christmas weekend.

**ROCKY MTS.:** ASPEN, CO.: New double chair lift dedicated last weekend, with conditions good to very good, 2 PO on 26-28 HB at top and midway, 2 PO on 14 HB at bottom. Temps. 25-29.

**BETHOOD PARK, CO.:** 4-12 PO on 12 base. Most trails packed, and good skiing everywhere. Weekend crowds heavy.

are producing steelhead on rise and spinners. South Fork of Eel below Beahm yielding many limits on bass and flatfish; Russian River experts recommend orange wobblers and cherry bobbers for Mirabel Park area; Trinity River is spotty but some big fish were taken last week near Junction City. Fish are thick in larvae of southern California creeks but more rain is needed to open sandbars; meanwhile surf fishermen are picking up a few.

**SALT LAKE:** MEXICO: FP at Asapasco as warm water and fish are far offshore (but a 300-pound fillet was brought in last week).

**FLORIDA:** Seals are abundant from Fort Pierce to Miami Beach; most anglers are releasing non trophy fish; OG through December.

**BLACK BASS:** MISSOURI: Lake Bull Shoals low but fish don't care; they're hungry; OG next two weeks. Lake Taneycomo is good bet for live bass or slow-trotted diving plug.

**TENNESSEE:** Center Hill, Dale Hollow and Cherokee lakes are rewarding de-baits with occasional whoppers; mannos outproducing plugs (but sink them deep enough and you'll catch 'em).

**LOUISIANA:** Sheepsport area in winter delirium, but Cross and Caddo lakes are lake-warm.

**CALIFORNIA:** Try Clear Lake (in Lake County) for one of those 4-pounders; it's open all year.

**FLORIDA:** Little Lake Lena in city of Auburndale produced six bass of over 10 pounds last week; one brace weighed 26 pounds. Other cen-

JACKSON, WYO.: 12 NS but "our kind" of winter has not arrived. Lift still idle.

**ALTA, UTAH:** Skiing continues excellent, and they mean excellent—9 PO on 32 HB. More snow expected. Upper Germania area is best. Weekend crowds have been good, waiting times around 10 minutes. However, lift lines may lengthen as schools let out this weekend.

**SEV. VALLEY, IDAHO:** Unusual snow shortage so far with only 3" at valley floor, 14" on top of Baldy. Official opening Dec. 18.

**WHITEFISH MOUNT.:** Tows not operating, weather not cooperating. Snow is at least two weeks late, with only the Richards skiing on trails above 5,000 feet.

**BANFF, ALBERTA:** Hard to find a native who can recall a colder December. Snow scarce and at least a foot is needed to permit skiing. Temps. have been 35-45, 15 degrees above normal, and no relief is in sight.

**SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO:** Will open Dec. 18 if there is enough snow. So far only 3 PO and that's not enough.

**FAIR WEATHER, N.Y.:** Excellent skiing to date with 4-5 packed PO surfaces on plenty of base. All lifts running daily. Crowds have been light so far but a surge is expected for the holidays. Car chains advisable.

**SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.:** 12 PO on 60 base adds up to excellent skiing. All 35 trails are open, with the best action on the upper third of the mountain. Temps. 35-35. Crowds have been small—around 500—and there is immediate seating on the lifts.

**MT. BALDY, CALIF.:** Nothing doing. 4-7 HP on upper, only patches lower with plenty of BS and rocks. Lifts are idle. Skiers from Los Angeles are driving 325 miles north to Mammoth Mt., where there's 12 dry-packed PO on 36 base.

**NORTHWEST:** MT. SACON, OR.: Last weekend 2,000 skiers waited up to 45 minutes for lift at Timberline. The reason: 3 NS on 33, good. Temps. around 30. At Govt. Camp, Tows CL, traces of NS on 6 base, 12 more still needed.

**VT. BAKER, WASH.:** Conditions improving at least 30 dry old snow on 36 HP with some BS. Skiing generally good, with best runs at Austin Pass. Temps. below freezing, with weather outlook promising. Chains are a must because last night miles of road are covered with parked snow.

**GRONK MT., BRITISH COLUMBIA:** 11-15 NS on 5 HB produced skiing for the first time this winter. Flies are 3 best. Sky Lane Run needs additional 20 inches. More snow anticipated daily. Chair lifts running regularly but nowhere near capacity crowds as yet.

tral Florida lakes fair to good, with Kissimmee River and land-water lakes your best bet in this section. In Tallahassee area, Lakes Jackson and Talquin are most productive.

**BONEFISH:** BAHAMAS: OG from now to mid-March as heavy bonafide good shallow-lake shrimp bait available at Bimini, but fly and spin fishermen will get fast action at Jetties Cays and Ahaio area.

**CHANNEL BASS:** LOUISIANA: Reds are running in protected bays and bayous from Delcass Island section westward (but check to make sure northward hasn't blown them out).

**FLORIDA:** Two anglers fishing just north of Clearwater-Tampa causeway took 26 reds from 5 to 8 pounds on live shrimp last Saturday (and 11 speckled trout to 3 pounds). A few baits to 15 pounds reported from mouths of St. Marks and Carrabelle rivers; best bait for brucers is whole pinfish.

**NORTH CAROLINA:** Jumpy lamoretos has knocked drum off their feed; OF until weather better.

**CATFISH:** FLORIDA: If you hanker for a braising plate of fried channel cat, dunk a hookful of mullet guts in the Ochlockonee River along around midnight tonight.

**TROUT:** NEW MEXICO: 3,500 legal trout were awarded in a draw for the annual parade of the Rio Grande River last week and left to fend for selves in chilly water; no closed season in this valley.

## FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

### KEY TO SYMBOLS

FC=fishing good; FP=fishing fair;  
FF=fishing poor. OG=outlook good; OP=outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

**STEELHEAD TROUT:** CANADA: All coastal streams high and discolored; FP and OP as now storm front moves in.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Most streams slightly high but fishable; a good run has worked into the upper reaches of the Quinsam and fish are well up French Creek; the Puntledge is producing, and the Campbell has some fish; the Capilano (on mainland) is in fine shape and giving limits; no fish yet reported from the Vedder, but the South Thompson has a new run. OG unless rain and storms continue.

**CALIFORNIA:** Between rural-mid coastal rivers



BRIDGE SHOWDOWN FEATURED ELY CULBERTSON, SIDNEY LENZ, JO CULBERTSON, OSWALD JACOBY. GRUENTHER REFEREED

## YESTERDAY

# CULBERTSON'S COUP

The great bridge match between Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz was a fabulous show which helped the Culbertson system to victory in the bidding war

by H. ALLEN SMITH

IT DOESN'T seem like yesterday—it seems like a good 23 years ago that we all ganged into the Hotel Chatham for the start of the most spectacular (and goofiest) card game ever played in the history of man.

The Culbertson-Lenz contract bridge grapple began on Dec. 7, 1931 and press association executives agreed that no World Series, up to then, had ever

attracted as much national attention.

Weeks of fussing and fuming and name-calling preceded the actual start of the match. Contract bridge, from its quiet beginnings around 1926, had by 1931 become a national rage. It seems likely that the Big Depression was partly responsible. People had no money to spend on other diversions and a deck of cards didn't cost much, so

practically everybody played contract.

Into this situation stepped a lean, suave, quick-witted superirritant named Ely Culbertson. He was then 40 years old, son of a Russian mother and an American father and possessed of a manner which some people thought charming but which led others to cast their eyes about in search of blunt instruments. His life in America, up to

*continued on next page*

this time, had been that of an obscure professional card player who haunted the bridge clubs in New York City, sometimes prospering, sometimes broke and in debt. He was certainly one of the ablest card tacticians in the country and his handsome wife, Josephine, was considered to be the best player of her sex.

By 1930 the contract fad was approaching the proportions of a plague, and growing week by week. Culbertson saw the potential, realizing that if he played his cards right he might very well reap both fame and fortune out of the new national obsession. He was not then known as a bridge authority but there were plenty of recognized experts around issuing a confusion of "systems" for playing contract. Culbertson took his time. He spent hours and days and weeks alone with a deck of cards, working out his own bidding system, and when he was satisfied with it, scraped together enough money to start a magazine called *The Bridge World*.

#### A SAD LOT OF BLOKES

In the spring of 1930 a British bridge expert published a statement to the effect that American bridge players were a sad lot of blokes. Culbertson promptly issued a sassy challenge. He would bring a team of four to London and play 300 duplicate boards against a British team. The challenge was accepted and now Culbertson had to raise money to get himself and his team to England. Through his magazine he began taking orders for his first book on bridge, not a line of which had been written. He got the money, dictated the text of his book right up to the hour of sailing, and then took off with Mrs. Culbertson and two young men who could play the Culbertson system—Theodore Lightner and Waldemar von Zedwitz. The arrival of these brash, unknown Americans created a big stir not only in England but on the Continent. The English bridge writers treated them with great condescension and laughed at them in print. Following which the Culbertson team proceeded to clobber the English, winning the match by nearly 5,000 points.

Ely and Jo Culbertson came home famous. Culbertson's *Blue Book* had been published during the play of the match in London and now was selling furiously all over the U.S. The name Culbertson was fast becoming almost a synonym for contract bridge and, of course, this didn't set well in certain quarters. As the Culbertson system grew and prospered, the book

sales and prestige of the old established masters, such as Milton Work, Whitehead and Lenz, declined.

Culbertson began to needle these older men. He wrote about them and he talked about them on the radio. He charged that they were trying to ruin his reputation through a whispering campaign, calling him a dissolute gigolo and a "suspicious Russian." Eventually he drove them to the wall, and they turned to fight.

A dozen of the old masters joined forces in an organization called Bridge Headquarters. Their stated purpose was to "standardize" the game, and they sponsored a method of play which they called the Official System. They went through the motions of inviting Culbertson into the group but he simply threw back his head and cackled at

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

H. Allen Smith has delighted millions with such upright books as *Rushers and Lure Men* on a *Yuletide Pole*. The Culbertson-Lenz match was an event among many which he covered as a feature writer for the United Press. He reviews it here because it abounded in the humorous subtleties which Smith appreciates so well.



them. It was one against 12, but Culbertson always loved long odds. He picked out Sidney S. Lenz as the best card player in the group and challenged Lenz to a match of 150 rubbers, Lenz to choose his own partner. Culbertson would bet \$5,000 against \$1,000 that he and his wife, playing the Culbertson system, would beat Lenz and his partner, leaving to the Official System.

Sidney Lenz ignored the challenge but Culbertson kept hammering at him, heckling him in the press and on the air. Culbertson's incredible cockiness was paying off—his book sales continued to mount and thousands of bridge teachers were signing up under his banner. The old guard had to put up or shut up, and finally Lenz accepted the challenge.

Between the time when the rules were agreed upon and the match got under way, the nation's press discovered that it had something special on its hands. In the week prior to Dec. 7, 24 special cables were laid into the Culbertson apartment in the Hotel Chatham, where the first half of the contest was to be staged. A large press room, complete with rows of typewriters and telegraph keys, was established down the hall from the Culbertson drawing

room to make reporters comfortable.

Sidney Lenz was then 58, an amateur magician, a Ping-Pong champion, a superb bridge player and a wealthy man. He chose as his partner Oswald Jacoby, a handsome young fellow with dark hair and the build of a fullback, member of the championship bridge team called The Four Horsemen.

On the night the match started there was classic confusion in the various rooms and corridors of the hotel. The place swarmed with reporters and cameramen and society people and celebrities. Chosen to referee the contest was Lieutenant Alfred M. Gruenther, a 32-year-old chemistry instructor at West Point. Everyone was most polite and after two rubbers, Lenz and Jacoby were 1,715 points ahead.

The card table was at one end of the Culbertson drawing room. Across the center of the room stood high folding screens and there were six cracks, each about an inch wide, through which the reporters and favored guests could watch the contest. There was a chair at each crack and the rule said that no reporter or guest could look through a crack more than 15 minutes at a time, and it was required that everyone walk on tiptoe. Signs ordering "Complete Silence!" hung throughout the apartment and on the door where the two Culbertson children were abed was a sign saying, "Quiet! Little Children Asleep and Dreaming."

#### "WHO'S PICKIN' UP THE TAB?"

A ghostly, unending procession of reporters, columnists and special guests moved in and out of the room. Each New York newspaper assigned at least one reporter to stay with the match to the end. The Associated Press had two men present every evening and the United Press and International News Service had one each. Special writers such as Ring Lardner, Heywood Brown, Damon Runyon, Robert Benchley, Westbrook Pegler, Grantland Rice, Henry McElmore, Eddie Neil and Lucius Boebe dropped in from time to time. Pegler spent one evening ranging through the halls asking the same question: "Who's pickin' up the tab?" Runyon insisted on challenging all the bridge experts to meet a team of Broadway characters in a back room at Lindy's. McElmore came to fulfill a lifetime ambition to become "a crack reporter."

Those of us who were present every night for five weeks might well have become bored with the proceedings if it hadn't been for Culbertson. He needed no press agent. In devising methods



of irritating and enraging his opponents, he anticipated the "Gamesmanship" plays which later appeared in books by Stephen Potter. He was consistently late getting to the card table and this infuriated Sidney Lenz, a man of little patience. Culbertson went into long periods of meditation before bidding or before playing a card, and Lenz soon grew bitter about the entire proceedings. Culbertson would sometimes have a juicy steak served on a corner of the table, eating as he played, and Lenz would complain: "My God, Ely, you're getting grease all over the cards! Why don't you eat at the proper time, like the rest of us?" To which Ely would reply: "My vast public won't let me, Sidney."

At the end of the 27th rubber Lenz was ahead by more than 7,000 points but on Dec. 15 Culbertson took the lead for the first time. He never relinquished it after that and each evening as he arrived late at the table he'd smile sweetly at Lenz and in his rich Russian accent he'd say, "Well, Sidney, have you changed your system yet?"

Before long Lenz was accusing the Culbertsons of failure to adhere to the Culbertson system. There were many delaying arguments on this point and Lieutenant Gruenther, a much harassed young man, settled them as best he could. The lieutenant had to travel each afternoon from West Point to New York, supervise the evening's play, start back around one o'clock and be ready for an 8 a.m. class. Mrs. Gruenther did most of the driving while her husband annoyed in the back seat.

Public interest in the contest reached such a pitch that one evening Jack Curley, the wrestling impresario, arrived at the Chatham demanding the right to switch the play to Madison

Square Garden. He proposed that the players should occupy a glass cage and the audience follow the play on huge electrical scoreboards. He insisted that a fortune could be made from such an arrangement. "A fortune for you," said Culbertson, "but I'm interested only in making a fortune for myself."

The public got immense satisfaction out of the knowledge that these great stars of the game were frequently guilty of bonehead plays. On Dec. 28 Jacoby quit, after a loud dispute with Lenz. Late in that evening's session Lenz suddenly turned on Jacoby.

"Why do you make such rotten bids?" he demanded.

Jacoby stared at him and didn't answer. Culbertson smiled and said, "Shall we play another rubber?"

"Not with me, you don't!" snapped Jacoby, rising to his feet.

Referee Gruenther intervened, saying that the rules required another rubber. Jacoby sat down again, then turned to Lenz and said: "Sidney, in a hand in the second rubber tonight you made an absolutely stupid defensive play, and then you criticized me. I'm resigning right now as your partner."

#### A NEW PARTNER

Lenz looked at him a moment in disbelief. "Well, well, sir; well, sir," he mumbled, "all right, sir."

The next evening Lenz had a new partner, a rotund former Navy officer, Commander Winfield Liggett Jr. Commander Liggett agreed to play as his old friend's partner but told the press that the contest was proving nothing at all about the relative merits of the bidding systems.

On the evening of Dec. 30 came a new sensation. Several of us were sitting around the press room listening to Sir Derrick Wernher, a British-Ameri-

can bridge star, analyze the play. Into the room walked Culbertson. Sir Derrick spoke to him, asking him why he had not responded to a challenge he had issued the previous summer. Culbertson said he hadn't heard of any such challenge. Said Sir Derrick: "You liar. You're a slab-sided piece of beefsteak."

Sir Derrick was standing in a corner, a man of huge physical proportions. Culbertson strode up to him, fists clenched, glared up into his face and said:

"Why, you 500-pound piece of English beefsteak, you, I consider you a cheap shark and not worth playing against. I wouldn't dirty my hands at the same table with you."

Sir Derrick responded in kind. Culbertson shrieked that he'd bet \$5,000 to \$2,000 that he could pick a team from among the reporters present that would beat any team selected by Sir Derrick. "On second thought," Culbertson snarled, "I'll bet \$500 you haven't got \$2,000 to bet." Sir Derrick then called Culbertson a liar and Ely advanced on him again, just as Jo Culbertson came into the room and grabbed him. She dragged him away to the playing room but Culbertson refused to start the evening's contest until Sir Derrick had left the hotel. As the Englishman was leaving, Mrs. Culbertson yelled after him, "What a coward you are, Derrick!"

#### WHEN THE LAST CARD DROPPED

The second half of the match was played at the Waldorf-Astoria in quarters provided by Lenz. It all came to an end on the night of Jan. 8, with the Culbertsons' victory by 8,980 points. After the last card had dropped, Lenz stood up and shook hands with Mrs. Culbertson. Culbertson walked over to join in the congratulations but Lenz turned his back on him. Lieutenant Gruenther went back to West Point to pursue a career that would eventually in his becoming Supreme Allied Commander in Europe.

Contract bridge, of course, is not what it was in those frenzied days, but it remains one of the most popular of our indoor sports, and Culbertson still rates as one of the top authorities. Lenz is now 81 and Culbertson attended his 80th birthday party and the two men shook hands. Culbertson, who has been divorced twice in the intervening years, is today giving much of his attention to a system whereby he hopes to bring permanent peace to the world. So far as I know, he doesn't intend to head up the project himself. **END**



## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



49. This has a lot of go-up-and-go.  
 71. It's easy.  
 73. He's always interested in figures.  
 74. All the way from A to Z.  
 75. This marks a spot.  
 76. Member of the first crew.  
 77. Little leathers.  
 78. The colorful tops.  
 80. Put out all over again.  
 84. Due to one.  
 85. They do lots of leg work.  
 88. Proper diet for a searpan.  
 92. Where to find an old master.  
 94. Good grounds for character cultivation.  
 95. What to wear when feeling blue.  
 97. This is cut in at the waist.  
 98. Goddess of strife.  
 99. A lot of voice.  
 100. The best kind of type.  
 101. The best kind of revenge.  
 102. These come in relays.  
 103. It's on the coast.

#### DOWN

1. Small school.  
 2. The way to be in style.  
 3. Gentleman and others.  
 4. Legal adviser to the father of the bride.  
 5. You can tell this is upstairs.  
 6. A kind of shoe.  
 7. Very taking things.  
 8. Happy's first name.  
 9. People in a place.  
 10. When he's around, you're apt to be stuck up.  
 11. This is where you blow in.  
 12. A kind of dough.  
 13. They're hot and have spots.  
 21. Elmer's first name.  
 23. This follows great or small.  
 25. Was kind of a rip.  
 27. Man of the bar.  
 28. Say "see too."  
 29. Olympos who is not Demos.  
 30. Grumpy.  
 31. She only gets half pay.  
 33. Something for a drugstore cowboy.  
 34. Get one's shoulder up.  
 35. Notations.  
 38. Use the touch system.  
 41. Can you be thin?  
 42. Man with a good ear.  
 44. Third person on the telephone.  
 47. Map one way, Sub another.  
 48. What Toot is to the yolk.  
 50. We'll give it to you straight.  
 51. Little cigars.  
 52. A kind of case.  
 53. He always cuts in the garden.  
 54. Very near indeed.  
 58. "There wasn't a dry eye in the house," for example.  
 59. Star of the evening.  
 62. Girl who is somewhat naïve.  
 63. The fat — the fat.  
 65. These will keep you in stitches.  
 67. A flower, usually sweet.  
 68. He's first name.  
 70. Harpers!  
 72. No word from Moscow.  
 73. It's square but not胖.  
 75. These people are not very wide-awake.  
 77. A specimen of understatement.  
 78. The girl who goes with Albert.  
 80. Street seen in Paris.  
 81. To jump over (what the French do to French fry).  
 82. Girl who ends up in L.A.  
 83. Ward for Mary's garden.  
 86. Tom, but not Dick or Harry.  
 87. Plenty of room here.  
 88. A kind of turpitude.  
 90. I love her.  
 91. Snooped.  
 95. Degrees of engineers.  
 96. This always has lots of drag.

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#### ACROSS

1. It's as good as 5,280 feet.  
 6. A big choice.  
 10. You should get a relief out of him.  
 14. Painter with lots of color.  
 15. Write four letters in columns.  
 16. Man who comes before T.  
 17. Where Henry rang the bell.  
 18. It's just average.  
 24. Down in one, but not 44 Arson.  
 29. Play structure.  
 32. Folks who have no saving center.  
 34. They often appear in courts.  
 36. Learns's seriousness.  
 37. They go walking on May's leash.  
 38. The original hair lift.  
 39. Garbo.  
 39. Where what he's coming to

- own.  
 39. Six of one and half a dozen of the other.  
 40. Never wave at her.  
 42. Mousset's monogram.  
 44. Adjective for warm weather, soup, etc.  
 45. Don't give up the ship without this.  
 46. Arc's first name.  
 49. A kind of scholar.  
 50. A lot for the farmer.  
 51. These can give you a lift.  
 52. Where Paul's mother lives, somewhat alone.  
 55. World's largest sand pile.  
 56. Speak up in first grade.  
 57. Kind of board.  
 60. This is better than seeing red.  
 61. With which a pilot gets his start.  
 64. Don's relative.  
 66. Book made by artist with ease.

SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



## OLYMPIC TRAINING

Sirs:

The article by Mr. Canham, track coach at the University of Michigan, entitled, *Russie Will Win the 1956 Olympics* (SI, Oct. 25) was true in every detail and shocking in its conclusions. Something revolutionary in the training of our track and field athletes would have to be organized in order for us to be a contending nation in the next Olympic Games, to be held in Melbourne, Australia in 1956.

I have created a plan which I believe will go far toward accomplishing a basis for preventing the complete humiliation of our track and field forces in Melbourne.

Beginning in June 1955, and going through to approximately September 1st, with the help of the fine people of Utah, some 125 training track and field men will be invited to Salt Lake City, together with approximately 20 nationally known coaches, for the express purpose of spending some 90 days toward improving the times and/or distances of each individual athlete.

It will be purely voluntary on the part of each boy. He may come if invited, providing he is within the standard set by the Salt Lake City track and field forum for his particular event. By engaging in daily workouts with men of equal ability, it is impossible to believe that at least a few in each event covering the entire Olympic calendar will not improve sufficiently to the point where they may be counted upon to not only successfully make the Olympic Team, but win points at Melbourne.

The city of Salt Lake, as well as the governor of the state, are completely enthusiastic about this forum. The mayor of the city, the president of the University, the publishers of the two local newspapers, the Chamber of Commerce, and the board of directors of the Quarterback Club are all enthusiastic about carrying the forum to completion.

In order that the entire idea would not meet with any resistance from either the National AAU or the Olympic Track and Field Committee, I personally attended their combined convention at Miami Beach, Fla. on November 24-25.

The report made by Dr. Lloyd W. Olds, Chairman of the National AAU Men's Track and Field Committee, is herewith quoted: "Mr. William Cox of the Salt Lake City track and field forum, gave a talk on a plan for the Salt Lake City clinic, to be financed by the city of Salt Lake, in the state of Utah. Mr. D. K. Penny moved and it was seconded by Mr. Stenke, that the Salt Lake City track and field forum proposition be approved in principle, provided that there be no conflict of dates and that it be conducted without violation of the amateur code and the clinic officials shall consult with an AAU Committee of three members to be appointed by the Chairman of the AAU Track and Field Committee.

"The above action was contained in Dr. Olds' report made to the Board of Governors of the National AAU on November 28, 1954, which report was approved."

I was agreeably surprised at the interest

shown by at least 50 individuals while at the convention. The armed services, the women's track and field group, all inquired for permission to send their athletes to Salt Lake City during the period mentioned above.

The program itself will be repeated in 1956. The final date will be extended to October 1st in order to keep the athletes in top condition as long as possible.

Nothing like this has ever been attempted in America. The jurisdiction over the training of our athletes is not contained within any one isolated body. The courage and foresight of the people of Salt Lake will give America something to be proud of.

Of course this does not contain the multitudinous details which such an ambitious undertaking implies. These details will, of course, be brought out as the forum develops.

Thanks very much for a very readable article from Mr. Canham, and I hope that my plan will be fully acceptable to track coaches everywhere who can, in their own way, make the Salt Lake City forum successful.

WILLIAM D. COX

Salt Lake City

● SI is glad to present Mr. Cox's plan for preparing some of our track and field men for the big tests to come and would be as interested as Mr. Cox to hear the opinions of our readers.—ED.

## NOW I'LL MAKE IT

Sirs:

When I opened SI (Dec. 6) and saw the beautiful two-page photograph by Ray Atkeson of the ski jumper, it did my old Vermont heart good. I realized once again all the wonderful sensations one undergoes as one glides down a snow-capped mountain on skis. My interest in skiing has always been keen, which is due in part to the fact that I live in the small village of Jeffersonville, Vt., which is nestled at the foot of Mount Mansfield on the Smugglers Notch side. . . . My skiing this winter will be limited. However, if SI continues to put out these fine articles I believe I will be able to make it through the winter. A great job, keep it up. This issue was an excellent one, as all of them have been.

WILLIAM B. SKIFF

Springfield, Mass.

## MULTIPOR HIGH POINT

Sirs:

Being a skier of sorts, I was very happy to see your article on skiing in the U.S. in the Dec. 6 issue. The high point of the whole article was the superb picture of the jumper on Multipor Mountain. I heartily congratulate Ray Atkeson for one of the best ski pictures I have ever seen. I have been a subscriber to your magazine since just after the first issue, and I have found every one packed with interesting articles and terrific pictures.

JAMES C. FANNIN JR.

Harover, N.H.

## HUB TO HUB

Sirs:

As a Panamerican *carrera* aficionado, I want to congratulate SI's Bentley and Pinsky on their gripping report of this year's race.

A real thriller to all sports car fans was the Hermann-Juhan Porsche duel. Leaving Chihuahua on the last day's 232.5-mile



A DIFFERENCE OF 26 MPH

run to Juarez, Hermann was 13 seconds behind Juhan. The Teuton not only overcame this handicap, but piled up 24 seconds more over his Guatemalan rival.

However, rather than a "sweep across the [finish] line not a length apart," from my vantage point Hermann and Juhan appeared to be barreling across in a hub to hub photo finish (see cut).

ADAM OOSE

Los Angeles

## MAURICE

Sirs:

Congratulations to your gifted sports-writer, Mr. Herbert Warren Wind, for a most welcome article on the world's greatest hockey player, Maurice Richard of the Montreal Canadiens. Many very fine columns have been written on our national hero, but Mr. Wind's tops them all with miles to spare.

JEAN BARRETTE

Montreal, Canada

● Jean Barrette, sports columnist for *La Patrie du Dimanche*, has spent a decade compiling Richard's statistics.—ED.

## THE FEINT AND THE BULLET

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind's article on Maurice Richard (*Fire on the Ice*, Dec. 6) is the finest piece of writing on ice hockey to grace the pages of any publication in many a year. It is a richly deserved tribute to a great athlete, and Evan Peskin's shot of Ken Mosdell's attempt to score on Terry Sawchuk is tops.

What are Richard's plans regarding retirement? He is sure to be a champion in whatever he does, but if he decides to forego coaching in favor of a business career it will be a great loss to the youth of all North America. He stands head and shoulders above any other forwards in the past ten years and would never have to "teach" hockey. Any youngster could not fail to learn much from watching just once that long striding charge, the incredible burst

of speed rocketing by the defense, the feint and the bullet shot so fast you half expect to hear the crack of a shock wave as with a jet plane, than two hours of detailed instruction from any other man could teach him.

Maurice Richard is as much a part of hockey as the puck; it would be tragic for him to fail to remain in it some way when the stride's a half step slower and the shot no longer sizzles through the air as of old.

RICHARD TAFT

Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

● Richard has no plans other than playing as long as he possibly can.—E.D.

#### AID AND ROON

Sirs:

I attended the Navy-Army game in Philadelphia last weekend and I wish to take this opportunity to express my congratulations on a job "well done." I refer to your very fine scouting report that was passed out at the stadium. Said report certainly was an invaluable aid to a better understanding of the game's finer points.

Also, I enjoy your excellent magazine, which is surely a boon to every sports enthusiast.

JACK PEPPERS

Belleville, N.J.

#### YOU OWE YOUR READERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your first attempt at presenting women's field hockey to your growing list of readers! You have accurately caught and reported the fine spirit of this very popular game.

My only disappointment in the otherwise fine article was the outdated picture—



MISS TOWNSEND TODAY

of Anne Townsend. She is a fine-looking, modern sportswoman of the highest quality. I think you owe your readers a recent and true picture of her as she is now.

GRETCHEN SCHUYLER

Former U.S. Team player  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### THE GREAT GAME

Sirs:

I had every intention of writing you the day that I received the issue with your story on soccer, but things piled up and I just didn't get to it. I have received many letters as a result of SI. . . I was tickled with this response. The letters came from

as far north as Middlebury College, as far south as the University of Florida, where Coach Alan Moore wrote to say, "this article has pushed the great game ahead at least 15 years"; as far west as Carlinville, Ill.; and here in the east, from schools like State Teachers College in Newark, N.J., Assoc. Prof. Willard Zweindinger wrote, "Just read soccer article in SI and feel that you have what the doctor ordered as far as our needs are concerned—the game will definitely fit our needs for the fall. Please send him . . ."

So, you see, perhaps getting your feet wet up at "The Point" was worthwhile.

Thought your soccer story was great—thanks so much.

GLENN F. H. WARNER

Annapolis, Md.

● Glenn Warner, associate professor of physical education at Annapolis, has coached Navy soccer for eight years, received the Coaches Association's highest award in 1954.—E.D.

#### RANGI THERE WENT SEPENCE

Sirs:

. . . I came to this country six years ago from Scotland, where I played amateur soccer, and was an enthusiastic supporter of one of the pro teams. In six years I have made a lot of adjustments, but the one thing I still miss is soccer.

Every time I think of soccer, I think of one day in particular. It was a Saturday in April, 1945 when Scotland met England for the United Kingdom championship at Hampden Park, Glasgow. I was home on leave from the British Navy, and naturally wanted to go to the game, but tickets were as scarce as hen's teeth.

. . . On the Saturday I was resigned to sitting home listening to the game on the radio, but my father had other ideas. At that time he was a "Glen's bobby" (Glasgow policeman). He had been urging me to go to Hampden Park and talk to some of the policemen at the gates. (It is quite a common thing for people who can't use their tickets to give them to a policeman to be given in turn to servicemen who show up without a ticket.) This, I thought, was a rather risky thing. If I couldn't get a ticket, I would miss half of the game on the radio before I got home, but on my arrival at Hampden, I started looking for the nearest bobby. I drew a blank on the first one, but was referred to an inspector at a different gate. I continued to elbow my way through the crowd. As I approached the inspector, two soldiers were just leaving him—with profuse thanks. My elbows worked a little faster until I reached that wonderful man. "Any more tickets?" I asked hopefully. "You're lucky, Jack. Here's my last one," he replied, handing me a ticket for the terrace. I guess it took me about a minute to gather my wits. I don't even remember thanking the man.

Inside Hampden Park was an assembly of 132,000 people—and me. The bobbies were trying to keep the aisles clear, and that was no mean feat. You see, when you go to a soccer game anywhere in Britain you stand to watch it. This brings me to an interesting little sidelight on the British soccer park. You sit in the "Stands." You stand in the "Terracing" and the "Enclosure" is out in the open.

As I passed one of these aisles a strong

arm clad in blue grabbed me and pushed me down the aisle to another bobby who in turn pushed me into the crowd. Well, there I was, and I could see the field where the peacetime activities were taking place. Before I could take further stock of my surroundings, a face with a loud tartan tammy on top asked me, "Who are you for, Jack?" "Scotland!" I replied, and without further ado I was treated to a little refreshment.

The game started, and what a game it was. One which I will never forget. The Scots were the underdogs, but each man played the game of his life. It was the first international game in which two brothers played. "Tiger" Shaw at right fullback, brother Davis at left fullback for Scotland.

Many times during the game, the long fingers of the English giant goalie Frank Swift were the only things that kept a Scot forward from scoring, and many times the entire city of Glasgow and surrounding districts resounded to the famous "Hampden Rear"—without the benefit of cheerleaders. It was a ding-dong, scoreless battle until two minutes from the end. Scotland was awarded a free kick just inside their own half of the field. Jackie Husband's long looping kick dropped the ball at the feet of left-winger Billy Liddel who in turn crossed it over the goal mouth. Up rose Swift, but the ball sailed over his outstretched hands onto the head of right-winger Willie Waddell. Willie nodded it down and center forward "Wee" Jimmy Delaney flew through the air, right foot outstretched, and the ball sailed into the net. Scotland, 1; England, 0—and that's how it ended. What a game. What a day. No one heard the final whistle, not even the players. Finally the referee had to pick up the ball and run off the field with it.

Even after the game, my luck still held good. While scrambling to get out of Hampden I was literally pushed into another sailor, a schoolboy's buddy whom I hadn't seen for years. He had been at the game with his father, so we all went home together, and to top off the day, my buddy's father paid the bus fare.

Before you get the wrong impression, let me hasten to tell you that I did spend something at the game—sinapse for a program.

FRANK CRAWFORD

Royal Oak, Mich.

#### DAINY DAVIS

Sirs:

Perhaps Budd Schulberg could write an article on the referees. . . The Norsk-La Starna fight seemed a "dull draw" to us, but Mr. Davis, the referee, was marvelous. We loved his dainty gesture of wiping his hands off on his shirt after paring the sweaty fighters; his fancy footwork was far better than the flatfoots; and his chatter sounded like the Cleveland infield. Referees must be very interesting people. May we learn more about them?

Thanks for many hours of pleasure with SI.

BARBARA C. SQUIRE

Longmeadow, Mass.

#### SO MUCH GAME

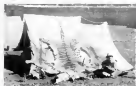
Sirs:

As a hunter, I greatly enjoyed your picture-story of SI's African safari. I myself recently returned from a hunting and movie-

continued on next page

making trip to India. You have never seen so much game of all sorts—hog, small, duck, partridge, deer—it is sometimes hard to believe one's own eyes (see cut).

India is a grand country, a great and



BEAN AND TENT MATES

generous people and a civilization far ahead of ours in many ways. Ten thousand years old and still unchanged.

WILLIAM K. BEAN

Cohasset, Mass.

#### DON'T LABEL GRANDFATHER

Size:

I should like to comment on the fact that, on SI, Nov. 8, you label my grandfather as a boat thief being guarded by Theodore Roosevelt. The man sitting on the ground at the right and facing the camera is my grandfather, Wilmot Sewell Dow, and the man standing at the left is

my great-great-uncle, William Sewell. I assure you that neither of these men were boat thieves, and I submit the following in explanation.

The subject picture was taken after the real thieves, Finnegan and Company, had been turned over to the authorities. For the sake of getting a picture of the experience, Grandfather Dow and Uncle William posed as the boat thieves while Roosevelt guarded them with a rifle. I cannot identify the third man in the center, but I believe that it is of another ranch hand employed at Teddy's Elkhorn Ranch.

I also have a print of this picture. In fact, I have the buckskin suit that Wilmot Dow was wearing in the photograph, together with other mementos handed down to me which came from the Elkhorn Ranch. I am especially proud to have a birthcard written and signed in T.R.'s own handwriting mailed to me in 1912.

Both Sewell and Dow came from Island Falls, Me., and went with Roosevelt to establish the ranch in the Bad Lands of N.D. My father, Wilmot E. Dow, who is now living in Waldoboro, Me., was born at Elkhorn Ranch in 1886. The Indians came from miles around to see the first white baby born in that area. A son, Fred, was also born the same week to the Sewells. He is now living at Island Falls, Me. . . . A few years ago my father registered for Social Security and listed his birthplace as Bad Lands, N.D. He had some difficulty

because the agency insisted on naming the town where he was born. The fact is that the nearest town to Elkhorn Ranch was Medora, 38 miles away. It was finally accepted.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to say that I do not resent being tagged as a descendant of a boat thief. . . .

However, it is a little ironical to me, especially when I read . . . Roosevelt's trib-



VINDICATED

ute to my grandfather at the time of his death: "I think of Wilmot all of the time; I can see him riding a buckner, or paddling a canoe, or shooting an antelope, or doing the washing for his wife, or playing with the children. If ever there was a fine, noble fellow, he was one."

WILMOT S. DOW  
State Senator

Waldoboro, Me.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you are going to take up girl watching

Size:

I see by your November 29th issue that my hobby (girl watching) has now been officially recognized as a sport.

To help you and your readers to get more pleasure out of this wonderful pas-

sion, I am enclosing a copy of my *Girl Watcher's Guide* (Harper, \$1.00), the only authoritative handbook on the subject ever published.

DON SAUER

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

• See cuts for elementary rules and a few species to be found in this fascinating sport. For a field report on the startling new variety, the Compressed Poolpet, see p. 45.—ED.



Blue-jeaned  
Ranchwrecker



Quarterback-collecting  
Sweetersweet



Nudge only at un-  
expected appearance



Girl watching  
is not strenuous\*



Remember: never  
move your head



Girl watcher's pleasure  
is warm, quiet, internal



Brown-backed  
Beachbomb



GIRL



Girl watching  
makes young  
men feel older



... Make-  
old men feel  
younger



Asking  
telephone  
number is  
like bird  
watcher who steals  
eggs



Bob Mathias

## **We were there ...and won!**



Jesse Owens

The names of America's Olympic greats are easily remembered. Because the men and women we have sent to past Olympic Games have always given us something to remember them by. Jesse Owens' four gold medals at Berlin . . . Bob Mathias' decathlon record at Helsinki . . . Andrea Mead Lawrence's historic "double" in women's skiing. In recalling past triumphs we can all be reminded of a simple fact about any U. S. Olympic victory; we won because we were there, and . . .

## **We must be there . . . To Win!**

In 1956 America will again take the field in Melbourne, Australia against the world's best. Some of these nations will be very tough to beat. For in an effort to insure victory, many countries, especially those behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains, have entered "government-subsidized" teams. Whether these nations are defeated depends in large part upon you—and every American who would rather see the Stars and Stripes hoisted above the victor's stand. You can count on the men and women we send to Melbourne to perform brilliantly—if *they are there*. But it takes money to get them there. Which is why LJFE is joining with the Olympic Committee to urge you to . . .

## **Support Your Olympic Team Fund!**

Throughout the country, local civic groups, spearheaded by the Junior Chambers of Commerce—have actively begun to raise funds. Many are helping. But everybody can help. And you can do your share by mailing a contribution, large or small, to the Fund's Chicago headquarters, today. Contributions, of course, are deductible from your income tax.



Andrea Mead Lawrence

### **U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM FUND**

540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Here's my contribution made payable to the United States Olympic Team Fund

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Address

City  Zone  State

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